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The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XI. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1884. NO. 28.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

IN THE MORNING.

The day is before me, for blessing or woe,
Of toil or for waiting, how little I know,
The day is before me, dear Saviour divine,
O may Thine upon it in beauty to shine.

Wherever I go, be my errand for Thee;
Wherever I look there Thy poor let me see;
Whatever I say, be the word in Thy name;
O'er the thoughts of my heart breathe Thy spirit of flame.

Upheld me in weakness for Thine is the power,
Midst dearth with Thy fulness in bounteous dower;
Restore me when fainting, withdraw me from ill,
A thrill me to praise Thee whate'er be Thy will.

I would run in Thy service, yet grieve not to stand
With folded hands quiet, if such Thy command.
All trials I pray Thee to sweeten and bless,
Nor suffer my faith, dearest Lord, to grow less.

Oh, how would I bring to the place of Thy feet,
Some pilgrim who knows not that hallowed retreat;
Oh! faith would I tell, where the perishing are,
Of Jesus, my dayspring, my sun, and my star.

The day is before me dear Lord let me break
Its road in contentment and peace for Thy sake,
And this be my glory, my joy, and my crown,
All things on thine altar to gladly lay down

Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.

FROZEN FACTS FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 9, 1884.

EDITOR GAZETTE:— Volumes have been written about the country west of the Mississippi and just south of the British lines, and yet how little is really known of the true character of the country, its climate, resources and the condition of its society. Standing at St. Paul and Minneapolis, the double gateway to a gigantic farm of upwards of a million of square miles and comprising within its bounds Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Montana, Idaho, Washington Territory and Oregon, we see that the farmer who has the world for his fields and all people for his laborers, has divided the country into divisions of timber lands in Minnesota, wheat fields in Dakota, grazing pastures in Nebraska and a part of Montana, mineral beds in the remainder of Montana and in Idaho, and fruit and garden spots in Oregon and Washington Territory, and has also provided on the Pacific slopes the timber with which to build the vessels to carry the products of all the fields to distant lands.

The name Dakota is probably most familiar to your readers by reason of the enormous boom this territory has had in the last two years. By the way, how aptly the word 'boom' is used as describing the puffing process by which so many towns are built from almost nothing, and so many people deceived. Like the boom which shoots the logs down the stream to the mill, the town boom is a slippery, slimy affair that looks well when well covered, but is a dangerous thing to build on, and much pressure will soon force the bottom out.

Town booming has become a profession and good boomers do not go begging. The chief requisites are a cast-iron cheek total lack of conscience, and a smooth tongue that will run easily. Of course, it is plain that lawyers usually make the best boomers, and Dakota is overrun with limbs of the law. As an example of what can be done in this line let us take a little town in northern Dakota and follow it from its birth—only six months ago: A shrewd lawyer with some Sioux half-breed scrip bought for about $15 per acre, secured 160 acres on a proposed line of railroad. That there should be no mistake about the course of the railroad the president of the same was given a handsome slice of the land, and more of it sold to influential friends, and a town's foundation was laid. Surveying was done, plats made, a name given, and a new paper established and though printed in a town 75 miles away from our loud infant, the title and headlines all bore the name of the new place, so that the stranger was led to believe the town was large enough to support a first-class weekly paper, its editorials discussed the existing (on paper only) and contemplated extensive improvements in the shape of large public buildings and costly private residences. Arrangements were made with several large metropolitan dailies to send out special correspondents to write up the town at so much a line and puolish the letters as news. All this work and scheming bore its fruits. The tenderfoot sees, hears, believes and invests in town lots. In six months the land that was bought for $15 per acre sells for $1,000 for a common building lot. The railroad, of course, is running to the town, and pretty soon a young man, a master machinist from Massachusetts, who has a few dollars, leaves his good position and 'goes west,' believing that in this town he will have chances to be his own master and become wealthy. He arrives in due time at our booming city and the sight of a few tents and plank shanties called 'shacks,' the absence of a church but the presence of numerous dance houses and saloons, a sprinkling of cowboys, and the other adjuncts of a prairie town, all open his eyes and he sits down to compare these things with the neat little New England village that he has left behind him and it makes him 'tired'. There are no mills, no manufacturing establishments, but plenty of land and lawyers. Clearly there is no legitimate work for him in such a place, and he clears out for better pastures, unless he concludes to join the gang of swindlers, in which event he 'takes up' some government land and waits for a sucker to buy him out, when he repeats the operation, and by this time is a patron of the saloons, and has lost all the virtues he ever had.

This is the experience of thousands of young men who have come west. But the bottom has dropped out of the Dakota boom, and let us hope that the experience of those who have been deceived by it may be of some benefit to others who contemplate immigrating to this country. Horace Greeley's advice to young men to go west is good as far as it goes, but should be coupled with Davy Crockett's motto, 'be sure you are right, then go ahead.'

The chief excitement in the northwest just now is caused by the Cœur d'Alene mines in northern Idaho, to which thousands are flocking, especially from the Black Hills region. At Eagle City, the nearest town to these mines, flour is selling at $40 per hundred; bacon, 30 cents to 40 cents and venison and buffalo meat is worth 25 cents per pound Deadwood, Dakota, the metropolis of the Black Hills, is fast becoming what its name indicates. Its streets are as silent as were the hills before the savage Modoc awakened the echoes of the rocks with his war-whoop, or the drunken miner when he painted the town red on his regular Saturday night art loan exhibition. These new mines are situated in a country which has all the appearance of mineral wealth. But coal is very scarce, and with this commodity at $13 and $14 per ton, as at present, it will cost considerable to develop the mines. It is thought by some, however, that this will prove a repetition of the Alaska mining fever, and is backed by land sharks and those interested in booming Northern Pacific. What is of much more importance than the above is the destruction of the beauties of the Yellowstone Park by vandal tourists and by the incorrigible who kills only for the sake of killing and must have his game in abundance or he bags nothing. Though the attention of Congress has only recently been called to this matter, the depredations have been going on for some time, and are the result of political jobbery in the selection of guardians for this park. It would seem that we might keep politics from polluting the pure air of this giant garden of America and that its natural beauties might be left unmutilated, that the game of our national game preserves might be left undisturbed to enjoy the freedom which they deserve as wards of a Republic and that approximately honest men be chosen as protectors for it all.

PIONEER.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Disease organisms appear to be capable of undergoing considerable changes when reproduced under varying environment. The view is quite generally accepted that the well known cow-pox, or vaccinia, is small-pox attenuated in some unknown manner by its passage through cattle. By passing the bacillus of the destructive 'rouget' of pigs through a series of rabbits Mons. Pasteur has recently succeeded in getting a similar attenuation of that virus, which will give pigs a mild form of the disease and will render them secure from further attacks in any degree. He has also found that when the 'rouget' bacillus is passed through a series of 'pigeons its virulence is increased so that pigs inoculated with the virus of the last of the pigeons have a most intense form of the disease.' Pasteur's famous inoculations of domestic animals with anthrax, or splenic fever, have been made with disease virus attenuated in another way—that is by successive cultivations in suitable liquids.

Mons. E. E. Blavier finds that, contrary to the general opinion, underground telegraph lines are not more influenced by earth currents than are ærial lines.

Of the 20,000 bronze articles which have been found among the remains of the Swiss lake dwellers about 30 per cent. are rings, 17 per cent. bracelets, 4 per cent. knives, 3 per cent. needles, 0.4 per cent. hammers, and 0.2 per cent. fibulæ.

Observations made during five months of last year, by German physicists, indicate that the heat give out by the sun is diminished by the presence of spots on the solar disk. Much further research will be necessary, however, before any valid conclusion can be reached concerning the effects of sun-spots upon solar temperature.

Mons. Ogata, a French physiologist, has made some remarkable experiments showing that the process of digestion may be quite satisfactorily accomplished in animals without the aid of the stomach. Nearly the whole of the stomach was removed from a dog, the free edges of the alimentary tube being then sewed together. The dog completely recovered from the operation, and remained in perfect health, with good digestive powers, until killed ten years afterward. In other experiments upon dogs it was found that albuminous substances were as speedily and completely digested by the fluid of the intestines below the stomach as by the secretions of both stomach and intestine together, but other food were less readily digested in the intestine.

Photography has made great progress since the days of Daguerre, and there are few objects of which photographs cannot now be made. Minute filaments, far too small to be seen with the naked eye, have been photographed with a photomicrographic camera. Under the illumination of a spark from Leyden jars, a picture has also been obtained of the vibrating point in the diaphragm of a telephone while a person was speaking at it, although the work must have been done in one twenty-four-thousandth part of a second.

Letters to the Royal Geographical Society, of London, state that Mr. W. W. Graham, with two Swiss guides, has succeeded in climbing Mount Kabru, in the Himalayas. This peak has an altitude of 24,015 feet, and its summit is claimed to be much higher than any other land yet reached by man. The mountaineers report that neither in this nor in the several other mountain ascents made by them in the same region did they experience the slightest inconvenience from rarified air.

From freshly-fallen snow; the poets' symbol of absolute purity, a Swiss microscopist, Flogel, has obtained living infusoria and algae, bacilli and micrococci, mites, diatoms, and great numbers of fungi spores, also fibres of wood, mouse-hairs, pieces of butterfly-wings, skin of the larvæ of insects, cotton fibres, pieces of grass, epidermis, pollen-grains, rye and potato flour, grains of quartz, minute pieces of roofing-tiles and bits of iron and coal.

The Paris Academy of Sciences has received the report of the French scientists who recently visited Cape Horn and explored the southern islands of the Fuegian archipelago. The expedition encountered only five mammals—a fox, an otter, two rodents, and the domestic dog. Forty species of birds were seen, and a considerable number of insects; but neither frogs nor serpents were discovered on any of the islands visited Shell-fish, including many edible kinds abounded on the shores.

It has occurred to Sir John Lubback to inquire whether the lower animals may not be taught some language or code of signals by which they may communicate their ideas to us. As a preliminary experiment he decided to try upon dogs some such system as that followed with deaf-mutes. He accordingly procured some pieces of cardboard, each bearing a plainly-printed word, such as 'Food,' 'Bone,' 'Out,' etc., and has attempted to teach dogs to express their wants by means of these cards. With two terrier puppies no satisfactory results were obtained. A black poodle, however, has learned to bring the card with 'Food' on it when wanting something to eat, and he almost invariably selects the proper card when it is placed with several plain ones. He also appears to distinguished between the card marked 'Food' and the card marked 'Out.' Sir John hopes to carry his experiments further, and invites others to study their pets in the manner indicated.

COLFAX ON LINCOLN.

The lecture on Abraham Lincoln, by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, is in great demand all over the country, and Mr. Colfax is giving his whole strength for the winter to this work. He spoke, January 15th, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. Association, to his own townsmen at South Bend, Ind. Every seat was filled, and the reception accorded him was a most flattering one. We make extracts from the address as reported in the South Bend *Tribune:*

A touching meeting with the great President was that after the battle of the Wilderness, when he said to Mr. Colfax, "Why are we called upon to suffer defeat after defeat, and reverse upon reverse? Could we have avoided this bloody struggle? Was it not forced upon us? But it ever, ever end?" But suddenly he brightened up, saying, in a less hopeless tone, "Grant will not fail us. On him now rests the hope of the nation." And a half hour later he was telling stories and cracking jokes with his accustomed gusto.

Another story was of the application Mr Colfax, then a Congressman, made for the pardon of a soldier, charged with desertion, imprisoned in Indiana, and sentenced to be shot. The interview in which the request was made took place in the evening The President said, "Some of my generals blame me for pardoning too many. But it rests me, when, after a hard day, I have a chance to save some poor fellow's life," and he signed the pardon, saying, "I shall sleep lighter to-night when I reflect upon this poor soldier's joy"

Some of the anecdotes related were very enjoyable. One remark of Lincoln's was particularly appreciated. When he was confined to his room and threatened with smallpox, he one day said, referring to the office seekers, "Tell them all to call now, for I have got something I can give every man of 'em."

The incident was told of "General" Tom Thumb's visit to the White House and of his arrival at a time when several prominent generals were closeted with Lincoln, who, to the great surprise of his visitors, ordered the dwarf admitted, and began an earnest conversation with him. Finally, one pompous military gentleman marched up, and said to Tom, "Well, sir, you call yourself a general, but you are a mighty small one." "True," said the President, "but judging from the results of their campaigns some of my generals are still smaller."

A laughable remark was quoted, made by Lincoln when told on a certain occasion that General So-and-so and forty mules had been captured. "Well," said he, "I can make another brigadier in five minutes, but those mules cost $200 apiece."

COUNTRY BUTTER. — "Talk about creamery butter," said a grocer on Woodward avenue, "give me the old-fashioned-cream-home-made-churned butter in the country, like this," and he laid a roll on the counter and proceeded to butter some crackers.

"Eh! what's that?" inquired a customer. "Country butter! Let me taste it."

So more crackers were buttered, which he ate greedily.

"How much of that butter have you got?" he asked, wiping his chops with a smack of satisfaction.

"Took the most of it home to my own family. Colonel M—— bought some, and will be in after the rest. You see it isn't easy to get June, clover-fed cream butter at this time of year. You could not find a pound in any other store in town," said the grocer proudly.

"Send me up the lot," said the customer; "I don't want any creamery butterine after eating that. You can't fool me on genuine butter. I was brought up on a farm, I was, and know good butter when I see it." And he paid for his goods and went out.

"Where did you strike that butter?" asked a man who was eating prunes and pickles near the stove.

"Down at the factory where they make it," replied the grocer calmly. And the beating of their own hearts was all the sound they heard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The great difference between Langtry and Modjeska is said to be that one is a Pole and the other a stick.

The earliest actors of plays in England were the clergy.

A STRANGE VALENTINE.

I.

In the dusky light of a fragrant and richly adorned drawing room two people were in animated conversation.

One, a woman of 50, handsome still, and with a toilet suggestive of much care and thought, was speaking not only with decision, but with positive anger; although her self-control was great enough to keep her voice from rising, it was not able to prevent a tremulous vibration which she vainly tried to stifle. She was sitting on a high-backed, embroidered chair in an attitude as faultless as the fit of her satin gown.

The other, a girl of 20, with great, clear brown eyes and fluffy brown hair and graceful figure, stood as a young child might have done at receiving a reprimand. Her eyes were cast down, the lashes drooping till they nearly touched her cheeks, and her fingers were nervously picking to [illegible] nificent basket of flowers beside her.

"It is the most absurd thing I ever heard of," said the elder lady, with a scornful smile. "I really can not waste any more words upon it. You always were Quixotic, Teresa, and this performance caps the climax. In nearly one and the same breath you tell me you love him, and that you have refused him. Oh, it is too disappointing!"

"Aunt!"

"Well?"

"Please let it drop—forget it."

The tone was pleading, the voice sweet.

"Forget it, indeed! Do you think I will allow you to oppose me in this style? Have I not daughters of my own, without being longer burdened with one so obstinate and self-willed as you, Teresa?"

"I did not know—I mean—" said the young girl, deprecatingly. But she was quickly interrupted.

"Now don't plead ignorance; don't tell me that you don't know my wishes, and did not mean to offend me."

"I really did not think of you at all."

"Worse and worse! Well, this is plain speech. And whom do you think of—only yourself? Selfish child!—is this my reward for educating you, and allowing you every luxury, spending time and money on you as freely as my own?"

"Aunt—Aunt Geraldine, please forgive me."

The young voice faltered; the pink flush gave way to pallor; the brown eyes filled.

"No, Teresa; it's mockery to ask that; and I want you to clearly understand that this is to be no longer your home. You have exhausted my patience, and now the end has come. I have rented this house, and I am going abroad. Sibyl and Gladys are both delicate, and need the change."

"But, Aunt, where am I to go? What am I to do?"

"A pretty question to put to me now, after such behavior. Consult your friends. I have no further interest in you"

The cruelty of these words seemed to freeze the young girl. Her brown eyes She stared at the speaker as if not able to believe the words just uttered, and then, rushing from the room, found her own apartment and flung herself down in an agony of grief and self-reproach. To whom could she turn for sympathy and pity, when the one she had learned to regard as her natural protector spurned her and wilfully misunderstood her? What had she done that was so grievous? Had she not battled against her own feelings and conscientiously done what she thought to be right?

Meanwhile Mrs. Geraldine Gansevoort, having spent her anger and indignation, rang the bell and ordered her coupe.

She had to drive alone. Sibyl and Gladys, her delicate daughters, had gone to a reception. Frank, her son, a young physician, was never able to go with her, "office hours" preventing.

Her thoughts were far from pleasant. It disturbed her circulation to be thus excited. Teresa, in the plain terms she used to herself, was a fool, and why should she allow a fool to annoy her? But the girl should be punished. The idea of a portionless orphan refusing such an offer as that of Leroy Jones!—a millionaire, a person whose horses and yachts were the envy of all his comrades. And why, forsooth? Because she chose to think him unsteady, weak; because his little foibles to this fresh, young, unsophisticated girl seemed to be vices. Oh, it was too vexatious! The more so as she felt that all her good, sound worldly-wise advice and training had been wasted. As for Sibyl and Gladys—oh! if they could have had such a chance, poor delicate darlings!

II.

Frank Gansevoort was a hard-working young physician. His mother deplored the fact that he was not a "society man," and Sibyl and Gladys mourned over the disaffection of their renegade brother as if work were vice and idleness a virtue; but Frank kept steadily on, and even went so far as to disfigure the front of the house with a sign. To be sure it was a nice, neat little silver plate, with only "F. Gansevoort, M. D.," on it, but it drew too many poor people.

On this particular afternoon Dr. Gansevoort had occasion to hunt up a book on the library shelves. It was an old one, and had been tucked out of sight. As he searched for it a strange sound met his ears—a sound as of some one sobbing. Now Frank knew very well whose little room opened on the library, and if he had a tender spot in his heart at all, it was for the pretty young cousin who inhabited that room; so, without finding his musty old tome, he descended from the library steps and knocked at Teresa's door. There was no answer until he had repeated his knock, and then there was a muffled response which was not satisfactory. At last he said, "If you don't come to the door, Tessie, I shall have to break in."

This brought a very dejected-looking damsel to the threshold, who, finding Frank alone, immediately fell on his shoulder in a fresh burst of tears. This was all very nice, to be sure, and Frank had no sort of objection to support a weeping damsel, who, despite her tears, looked as pretty as a picture. But the grief was real, and that pained Frank. So, placing her very gently in one of the library chairs, he managed by dint of coaxing and questioning to find out what was the matter.

"A quarrel with mother and a break with Leroy Jones—I wonder which is the worse!" mused Frank. "Tell me, Tessie, did you care much for Leroy?" he asked.

"I did like him, Frank—I always used to care for him when he was nice. But he isn't nice any more. He's horridly fast, and I will not marry him just for his money, as aunt wants me to do, and I've told him so, and—and—". The handkerchief went up again.

"Yes, I see how it is. You are sure you don't regret it?"

"Of course I am sure. Do you think I would have made all this trouble if I had not been sure?" She stopped crying, and drew herself up very proudly, continuing: "Aunt Geraldine has cast me off. She has told me that this is no longer my home. I am going away this very evening. I will not stay another day in her house."

'Don't be hasty, Tessie. Mother is disappointed. She will get over it.'

'But I shall not. I am going, I tell you, Frank.'

'Oh, no, not yet, Tessie. Why, where will you go?'

'I don't know, yet—perhaps to Mrs. Russell—nor do I know what I shall do. I have no money, and I am so ignorant. Oh! if I had only studied as I ought to have done, I might then teach; but I will find some way of getting along' and she held her head more proudly still.

'Tessie, dear, you are a foolish little thing. I don't uphold mother's unkindness; but you must remember that I love you if she doesn't.'

'Yes, dear Frank, you are always good to me.'

'Well, then, why not put an end to all this bother and be my little wife?'

'Oh, Frank, don't, please! Don't talk that way. You know we are cousins, and I've no idea of burdening you with any other relationship. You are very kind, but, all the same, that can not be.'

Frank tried to look dolorous, but did not succeed very well. He was, in truth, too much in love with his profession to have much room for any other sentiment in his good, kind heart, but he had meant to do his best, if Tessie would let him, which she wouldn't.

'Well, if you won't, you won't, and I must bear it.'

'Which you will do with all the ease in the world, dear Frank. And now I am going to pack, and will you send my trunks over to Mrs. Russell's and tell Sibyl and Gladys I am sorry not to say good by, and aunt that I regret having displeased her, and—and—. Oh, how happy I have been, and how foolish and—but—".

She grew incoherent and tearful again, and again Frank urged her to a different course of conduct; but she was not to be entreated or urged or advised. In her hot young indignation the world was her retreat; she could do anything; bear anything, but tyranny and injustice and unkindness. Little indeed did she know of the world, but she was earnest and true and strong, and ready to do her best.

III.

It is night in one of the great city hospitals, and all is silent but for the moans of those in pain and the mutterings of those in fever.

Pacing slowly up and down the aisle of a ward full of white cots on which are helpless sufferers is a nurse whose duty it is to watch and wait upon those who re- [illegible] quire her help in the wards.

To one she gives a glass of water, another's pillow needs raising, and another demands soothing words. To all alike she yields cheerful compliance, stopping often merely to give a kind look or a little show of interest. The dim light falls upon her slim figure in its neat gown, and reveals the sweet and sympathetic face of a woman of mature years, more beautiful even than in its first bloom.

It is a face of rare charm, so contented, so placid, and yet so bright and cheerful. Evidently to these poor sick people it is a boon just to gaze upon it. But just now she is called away; a physician wishes to speak to her—probably give his orders for the night She hastens to the office, where he is waiting.

'Miss Stanton, here is a telegram from up-town. You know Dr. Gansevoort, I presume? He wants you to attend a patient.'

'Is there no one else who can go? I never take outside cases if I can avoid it.'

'Positively no one, and as he specifies you I should not like to disappoint him.'

'Well, then, I shall have to go, I suppose; but what is the nature of the case?'

'An accident.'

'Can you supply my place here?'

'Yes. We shall have to double the duties.'

With the promptness of custom, no more questions were asked, and in a few moments Miss Stanton was on her way to Fifth avenue. As she rolled along in the darkness, with only the street lamps occasionally lifting it, her thoughts were as calm and cool as if she had been a belle to whom the triumphs of a ball room were an old story; but she knew that she had need of all her courage and all her resources.

The carriage stopped before a great gloomy brown-stone house, and the door was instantly opened by a waiting footman. Over the marble hall and up the oaken stairway and under tapestries and velvet hangings she was ushered into an ante-chamber, where, quickly divesting herself of her wraps, she waited. In a few moments Dr. Gansevoort appeared, and briefly related all that had happened, all that was required. The man had been thrown from his carriage, causing fracture of both legs—they had been set—there was nothing to do now but to watch most carefully.

Miss Stanton entered the room. It was superb in all its appointments. Though the light was low, the carved wood, the frescoes, the glitter of cut glass and brass, and the luxurious divans were all apparent. Rather different from the bare walls of the hospital ward were these beautiful reaches of landscape and rare interiors in their rich frames; but, all the same as on the narrow hospital cots, here among the ruffles and lace of downy pillows was a human sufferer; glasses and towels and sponges and all appurtenances for surgery were about—means for relieving the terrible agony which in hospital or palace pursues its victim. With notebook and pencil, vials and written orders, Miss Stanton took her place at the bedside. The sufferer was asleep, his face hidden in the clothes. Strange to say, she had not asked his name. Why was it that in this silent watch her thoughts returned to her girlhood, to the far-off home of her youth, which she had left when a happy, thoughtless child for the abode of wealth and luxury, from which she had been thrust forth as unworthy and disobedient? How long the years of study and hard work seemed! and how well she remembered all the chilling rebuffs she had met from the day her aunt had spoken those cruel words, and she had taken refuge with her old friend Mrs. Russell, whose influence and interest had at last secured her a position in the training school for nurses! Ah, it was no easy task she had taken upon herself; but how tranquil and assured now her life had become since she had been her own mistress and filled the hours with useful work! To be sure her aunt had renounced and denounced her and her cousins never even spoke to her. Frank only was her friend.

Just then, with a moan, her patient awoke, and fixed his eyes upon her. What a shock thrilled her as he looked and lookod again! How well she knew those eyes! Though years and his deep slumber had disguised him, she now was conscious that she was in the presence of the man who had once offered her his love. Why had Frank sent for her? What was the meaning of this meeting? Did he know her? Should she flee? All these questions rushed for an answer; but long habits of self-restraint calmed her, and with gentle touch she essayed some little movement for his comfort hoping he would not recognize her. But she was mistaken; a hot hand was laid on hers, and a feeble [illegible] come. 'I know you would.'

'Yes, I'm a nurse, come in response to your physician's order.'

'No; you put it wrongly; you are Teresa Stanton, come because I, Leroy Jones, sent for you.'

'Not at all; I would have come to an utter stranger. I did come just that way. Now, let me quiet you.'

'I have you at last; that is all I want. Do you know I have never loved any one else—never. You were quite right not to marry me; a deuce of a life you'd have led!'

'Hush! Hush! you are injuring yourself,' she said, softly, trying to stop his impetuous talk. But he was not to be stopped; he had grasped her hand and was kissing it.

'Nonsense! As if I didn't know I had come to the end of my rope. Put your hand here on my heart. How is it going? —fast, like a trip-hammer? It will stop soon. But I have you to look at again. See?' and he drew out a little locket from beneath his pillow, where it lay beside his watch and trinkets; 'this is all I have had these ten years. Do you know yourself to be that girl? Isn't she a beauty? But let me look at you. Turn on the gas. No; don't leave me, either: you might not come back. You are altered, Tessie, but you are a lovely woman still. You were a wise little thing; you saw what poor stuff there was in me, but I loved you, Tessie, and now—Oh, I've no pain! Don't look so distressed. I fear my time has come. Nervous shock, you know. I feel very weak. Give me some brandy. Kiss me, Tessie—'.

IV.

It is the 14th day of February, and Dr. Gansevoort is mounting the stairs of a New York boarding-house. He has a patient on the top floor for whom he has more than a scientific interest, and as he enters the room, which he has at last reached, he looks with anxiety toward the dormer window filled with flowers. The patient is standing there with a watering can and scissors, tending her plants. His tinge of color on his patient's face, and the glad bright glance she gives him.

'So you are better to-day?' he says, taking the offered hand and giving it a kindly pressure.

'Yes; I am getting quite strong again. I shall soon be able to resume my duties.'

'You need not be in haste to do that. By-the-by, do you know what day this is?'

'Oh yes; there's my calendar. A woman of business must be accurate.'

'A woman of business—hum! it seems to me you've been that long enough; but do you know this is a day of sentiment, a day dedicated to a saint whose shrine is the human heart?'

'Oh, Frank!' was the laughing remonstrance.

'You seem to think I am a little beside myself, but as I am a bearer of dispatches, I thought best to prepare you for what is coming.' And he drew from his pocket a sealed envelope.

'What! A valentine for me?'

'Really, I don't know what you'll call it. Perhaps, being such a business woman, you may regard it as a bill, a receipt for services rendered, etc., etc.'

It certainly was a valentine, tinted and perfumed, rose-wreathed and lace-papered, and the verses were as tender as the song of the nightingale. But what fell fluttering to the floor?

A bit of plain white and black paper—a scrap from a check-book—with 'Pay to Teresa Stanton's order' on it, and $50,000 in the corner.

The smiling face became grave, the soft brown eyes filled and bent a silent, questioning gaze upon Frank.

'It's none of my doing, Teresa, as you see. Leroy's an altered man. He has always loved you and now seeks to show his gratitude for all your kind care.'

'But Frank, I can not accept this—unless—unless—'.

'You also accept the giver,' said Frank, smiling, as he finished the sentence for her. 'That is just what he wants, Teresa. I am a poor diplomatist, as you see, for I ought to have used much more circumlocution; but I will send Leroy to do his own courting.'—*Harper's Weekly.*

ANOTHER MONOPOLY BROKEN.—It is according to the nature of things that monopolies in trade should burst, generally with disaster to those who have tried to maintain artificial prices. The combination in quinine, according to statements made in Philadelphia, was formed for the purpose of preventing unlimited sales of their surplus in this country by foreign manufacturers after the repeal of duty on the imported drug. But the movement did not originate with the American manufacturers. On the contrary, it is stated that the foreign makers were the first to propose an agreement, under which a certain proportion of the production abroad was taken by American dealers. But the year has been an unfavorable one, and the light demand caused some European manufacturers to drop out, selling stock at the best prices they could. When the American dealers learned of this they dissolved the agreement, and the price dropped from $1.80 to $1.60 per ounce January 24th. During the past week sales have been made as low as $1.25, and Zimmer's has been sold in large quantities, it is stated, at $1.20. The fact that the British Government has encouraged the cultivation of the bark in the East Indies, and that a supply for two or three years is now collected in London, is mentioned as a cause of the collapse. The quantity imported during the last fiscal year was 1,055,764 ounces, against 794,495 in 1882, about 400,000 in each of the years 1881 and 1880, 228,348 in 1879, and only 17,549 in 1878. Meanwhile the quantity of cinchona bark imported is nearly as large as it was in 1878.

REMINISCENCES OF ARTEMUS WARD.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* furnishes the following:

Turning the leaves of a venerable scrap-book, the other day, I came upon one of the programmes that Artemus Ward used to furnish to those who attended his lecture "Among the Mormons." Does anybody know what became of the panorama upon which he held forth? It went with him to England, but since his death has never been heard of. Here is the programme:

I.

PROLOGUE — By Artemus Ward.—Professedly to introduce the subject, but really to give the crankist time to unroll the picture.

II.

THE STEAMSHIP ARIEL AT SEA.—Out on the briny. The sea rough. Passengers unable to remain inside their staterooms or outside their victuals. An immense sea [illegible] in our sleep. Land ho!—N. B. The hoe is now in Artemus Ward's possession. Isthmus of Panama. Interesting interview with old Panama himself, who makes all the hats.

Old Pan is a likely sort of a man.

III.

MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.—Life and things in El Dorado.—The Chinese drama—Light Celestial Comedy, in seven hundred and two acts; by a Chinese gentleman of this city. Good quarters to be found here.

Playful population, fond of high-low Jack and homicide.

IV.

VIRGINIA CITY —A wild place. Game abundant; principally Faro and Bluff, —Shooting prevalent in consequence.—Every man carries a revolver, and every other man man two. Silver mines.—The treasure carefully guarded; each proprietor keeping a silver watch.

V.

THE GREAT DESERT.—A dreary waste of sand—a perfectly shameful waste, in fact. They ought to save it.

VI.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.—A rather pretty picture, with some entirely serious descriptive talk.

VII.

MAIN STREET, WEST SIDE.—This being a view of Main street, west side, is naturally a view of the west side of Main street.

VIII.

MAIN STREET, EAST SIDE.—The Salt Lake house. Lots of salt in this house —salt cellars, in fact. A temperance hotel—nothing stronger than butter, which was rather strengthy when A. W. was there. Guests are requested to turn off the candles before retiring at night. Washing not allowed in rooms. You must go out in the porch, and wash with cast-iron soap, though they call it cast-steel.

IX.

THE MORMON THEATRE.—Mormones and their manners, etc. It accounts for the way they act. Also, for calling a certain place the 'Bottomless Parquette.' * * *

XI

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM.—One of the most interesting places in Utah, especially to Brigham Young Two dwelling houses and a school-house. In the latter addition is illustrated by Brigham's wives, and multiplication by his children The pretty girls in Utah mostly marry Young.

XII.

HEBER C. KIMBALL'S HAREM.—Mr. Kimball has a great many wives, who are very dear to him, much more expensive than a less number would be, he is one of the most numerous parents in Utah. Seventy-six Mormonesses share Mr. Kimba l's lot. We do not know how many acres there are in this lot, but there ought to be a lot of them for such a lot of wives, who, should they follow the saline example of Lot's wife, will make Salt Lake City salt indeed. On being tenderly condoled with on the death of one of his wives Mr. Kimball said: "Oh, never mind. I've got plenty more of 'em at home.'

XIII.

THE TABERNACLE —This is the great Mormon meeting-house. The Elders and Youngers 'preach' here. A Brass Band at one end of the building and the Pulpit at the other. Thus there is brass at both ends. The Mormon sisters sit by themselves, in the middle of the house. Rows by any other name would not be as sweet. * *

XV.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—Curious body of water—Analyzation provès it to contain a large number of old salts. No fish can live in it except salt codfish, mackerel and red herrings. There are mermaids there, though they have Salt Rheums. Injuns live on the bank of this lake. Little Injuns seen in the distance trundling their war-whoops.

XVI.

THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE.—In this building the Mormon is instructed into the mysterious rites—and wrongs—of his faith.

XVII.

THE DESERT AGAIN. — Handsomer than the first view. It does not 'howl' as much. Indians on the war-path. 'Methinks I see a war-whoop!' Ha! red men 'Would'st thou scalp a Lecturer?' (N. B. They would'st.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Saccharissa.—'I have no home; where shall I go?' If you want a 'Home, Sweet Home,' you had better go on a sugar plantation.

Laura Matilda.—'I have an unfortunate tendency, even on trivial occasions, to shed tears. How shall I prevent it?' Lock up the shed.

'How long was Artemus Ward in California?' Five feet ten-and-a-half.

Speculator.—'Is petroleum frequent in caves?' No; but caves are frequent in petroleum.

RULES OF THIS HOUSE.

Children in arms not admitted, if the arms are loaded.

Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer.

Artemus Ward will not be responsible for money, jewelry, or other valuables, unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so.

Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible.

It is doubtful if more fun was ever crowded into the same space—or do you happen to know a current humorist that could write a funnier one? I well remember the first time I heard him. He appeared on the stage looking crest-fallen and with face turned anxiously toward the door at which he entered. "The gentlemen who was to have introduced me seems to have absented himself;" then, after a hesitating pause, he added, "I am Artemus Ward, the lecturer of the evening." It was difficult to believe there was much music in this serious-faced young gentleman. But what roars of laughter he provoked! There was a joke in his lecture which, once good, had been rendered absolutely pointless by some event that had happened. He carefully repeated the joke, while every one in the audience was saying to himself, "You might much better have omitted that, Artemus." The joke uttered, the joker paused, a distressed look passed over his face, and he observed in a frank, pathetic voice "That little anecdote of mine isn't as good as it was." The effect was irresistible. Of the countless good stories attributed to him, the best to my mind is the one which tells of the advice he gave to a Southern railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains consequently were run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus remarked, 'Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?' The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. 'Well,' Artemus went on, 'it occured to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what is to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?'

SCOTCH WIT AND HUMOR.

When Robert Fairgrieve, gravedigger in the parish of Ancrum, was on his death bed, the minister paid him a visit. He was surprised to find him in a somewhat restless and discontented humor, and not comporting himself exactly as a dying man ought. On the clergyman asking him the cause of his uneasiness, "Oh, sir," said Robert, "I was just minding that I have buried five hunder and ninety-eight folk since I first was made grave-digger of Ancrum, and I was anxious that, if it were His holy will, I might be spared to make it sax hunder."

The gravedigger of Sorn, in Ayrshire, was a very querulous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind through a keyhole. An acquaintance from a neighboring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was going with him. "Oh, very puirly, sir, very puirly, indeed," was the answer. "The yard has dune naething ava for us, this simmer. If ye like to believe me, I havena buried a leevin soul this sax weeks."

A gentleman was one night engaged with a judge in a tremendous bouse, which lasted all night, and till within a single hour of the time when the court was to meet the next morning. The two cronies had little more than time to dress themselves in their respective houses, when they had to meet again, in their professional capacities of judge and pleader, in the court house. Mr. C——— had, in the hurry of his toilet, thrust the pack of cards he had been using over night into the pocket of his gown, and thus, as he was about to open the pleadings, in pulling out his handkerchief, he also pulled out fifty two witnesses of his last night's debauch, which fell scattered within the bar. "Mr. C. ——," said his judicial [illegible] better tak up your hand."

The Rev Mr Shirreff, a most eccentric dissenting clergyman at Kirkaldy, could never endure to see any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday afternoon, a young lass who attended his church regularly and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude and more richly decorated than he thought befitted the wearer. He soon observed it, and pausing in the middle of his discourse, said "Leuk, ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae fine falderals about Jenny Bean's braw new bonnet."

TRAMPS' BAGGAGE.—"Do you see that old pile of valises there in the corner?" said the agent of the Pacific Express Company. "All of these valises belong to tramps, who have shipped them from various parts of the country."

"How do you know that the valises belong to tramps?"

"Because, after

The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O THOMAS. JOSHUA PRINCE.
THE GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY, Publishers.
JESSE O THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE: CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 14, 1884.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

SEALED UNTO HIM.

A NEW AND POWERFUL STORY OF MORMON LIFE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

By a special arrangement, the GAZETTE will commence the publication, within a month, of a new and timely story of Mormon Life, by Joaquin Miller, entitled "Sealed Unto Him"

Joaquin Miller has become widely [illegible] matic writers America has ever produced. His stories are eagerly sought by the foremost periodicals of the country, and his great American drama, "The Danites," has been played for years to crowded houses throughout America and England. His "Songs of the Sierras," first published in London, awakened a *furore* of enthusiasm, and he was at once "lionized" by English society, his popularity equalling that of Bret Harte.

His life has been a singularly romantic one. When a lad he was taken to Oregon to live, at a time when white settlers were almost unknown there He practices [illegible] in California during that memorable period of excitement following the discovery of gold. He was one of the Nicaragua Expedition, in 1855, under General Walker, and after many adventures with Indians and miners, he became a judge in Oregon. He is at present building a *log-cabin* on one of the prominent sites at Washington, D. C, which he expects to occupy as soon as it is completed.

His new story, "Sealed unto Him," is founded on facts, some of them from his personal experience. It treats of the Danites, or "avenging angels" of the Mormon Church, as they existed over thirty [illegible] one about whom the story revolves, is a Mormon elder, a leader of the Danites, a madman in his fanatical zeal, and a giant in stature and strength. He is one of the most powerful dramatic creations that has appeared in modern fiction.

The heroine of the story is a beautiful young lady, who in an ignorant freak, is induced to become "sealed" to a Mormon elder, before the sect had removed from Illinois to Salt Lake City. Fearing the vengeance of the Danites because of her refusal to accompany the elder, as a wife, to Salt Lake City, her father endeavors to spirit her away to California. On the journey overland, the emigrant train which they accompany passes by Salt Lake City, and here it is the vengeance of the "avenging angels" overtakes them, and "they are judged—and are not" The journey, with its suspicious clustering around a colossal and mysterious figure, which forms one of the train, the suspense as they near Salt Lake City, the secret work of the Danites; the flight of the girl and her final fate, are told with a realism and dramatic force rarely found in the fiction of any age.

The story is a timely as well as a thrilling one. It deals with a people and a fanaticism that are at present the centre of national interest, and an interest which is bound to grow greater before it grows less.

A WISE DECISION.

The Supreme Court on Monday affirmed the degree made by Judge Hare in the case of J. Carrell McCaffrey against James Elverson, publisher of the weekly papers known as the *Saturday Night* and *Golden Days*. The complainant asked for an injunction to restrain Mr. Elverson from running the machinery in such a manner as to disturb him at night. The Court refused the injunction, and divided the costs of the proceedings, amounting to about $4,000, equally between the parties, but retained the bill, with leave for the complainant to apply for a further order. Mercer, Chief Justice, delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, said: "A person who resides in the centre of a large city cannot expect to be surrounded with the stillness which prevails in a rural district He must necessarily hear some noise, and occasionally feel slight vibrations produced by the movements, labor of its people. and the hum of its mechanical industries."

—The House Committee on Appropriations at a meeting on Monday morning, agreed to report a bill for the immediate appropriation of $300,000 for the sufferers by the floods along the Ohio river and its tributaries.

THE OHIO'S HIGHEST RISE.

The terrible floods in the West along the Ohio and its tributaries still continue. The suffering, destruction of property, and desolation of the present was never before reached. Day after day from Cincinnati comes the report the river is still rising. This mornings's papers report that, although the river has already exceeded its greatest height on record, it is still rising. Thousands upon thousands of people are driven from their homes, their property ruined, and who yet consider themselves fortunate by having their lives spared. It is said that 30,000 people within Cincinnati and its vicinity will have to be fed by charity, if fed at all, for the next two weeks.

On the upper Ohio there is report of much suffering. From this morning's papers we condense an account of the situation. At Marietta, Ohio, the water has been in every business place and in the second stories of a majority of them Three-quarters of the town has been submerged. Pomeroy, Ohio, is almost entirely under water, and the destruction has been terrible. Many hundreds of people are homeless and without food. The water is eight feet higher than any previous flood ever reached. There has been no communication with the outside world, either by mail, or telegraph, for [illegible] business houses and numerous residences have been swept off. Many merchants have lost all their goods and the loss of household effects cannot at present be computed. At Gallipolis, a few miles south of Pomeroy, the suffering has been great, but the worst is over. A relief boat which went over the ground from Gallipolis to Pomeroy brings a tale of desolation. Five thousand people are camped on the hills and are in terrible want for food and shelter. and 5,000 more will be there to-morrow in the same condition One hundred and fifty houses have floated away. Boats land at the Court House steps The people are haggard and worn out for sleep, food and shelter, and appeal to everybody to do something for their relief. Nearly every business man is bankrupt.

There is not an acre of dry ground in [illegible] of Portsmouth The people are ferrying live stock to the hills and half the city is doomed. The water stands two, and in many houses four, feet deep on the second floor. Already over one hundred houses have floated away and over one hundred others have turned and twisted, and two hundred frame houses are anchored with heavy rope tied to trees and telegraph poles In many places even the telegraph poles are submerged. People are camping upon the hills on both the Ohio and Kentucky sides. New Richmond, a town of three thousand inhabitants, and twenty miles above Cincinnati, is in an alarming condition of destitution and suffering. Cut off from mails and all communication save by skiffs, with the water in every building and hundreds of houses entirely submerged, its town hall, churches, women and children, the terrible scenes are beyond description.

Below Cincinnati the situation is no better. Lawrenceburg is entirely shut off from outside communication. Many houses have been seen to float down the river and the suspense is great. There is no communication with the world except by means of a skiff, and several miles must be traversed over a body of water from six to eight feet deep before a single foot of land can be reached. The waters of the Miami river rush roaring through the city, carrying before them everything not heavily anchored or tied with rope. Dwellings, barns, saw-mills, out houses and lumber share a common fate and are jumbled together in an unrecognizable mass. The situation at Aurora, Ind., is alarming. Every dry goods store and drug store in town is under water At Louisville, Ky., the high water has done great damage, but there is little suffering. Across the river at Jeffersonville, Ind., there is great suffering, and of a population of 11,000 at that place about one-half have been compelled to leave their homes and seek higher grounds. Four-fifths of the city is inundated. The people are suffering and are begging contributions of food. About Evansville, Ind., the country is covered with water and looks like a vast lake. From all points comes the same tale of desolation and disaster.

THE FUNERAL OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

As was fitting, the services attending the burial of Wendell Phillips were as simple as they could well be. No eulogy was necessary over the mortal remains of a man whose whole life had been so brave, so pure, and so unselfish. It was fitting that the public escort should be composed of citizens from the race to whose enfranchisement he had devoted his best years and in whose behalf he had welcomed obloquy It was fitting that the remains of this man, who has ever been the champion of the oppressed and the friend of the poor of every race, should be placed where those who knew his goodness better than his renown as an orator could once more look upon the features of the man whose death they sincerely mourn It was fitting that people from every condition of life, the rich and the poor, the exalted and the humble, should repair by thousands to that temple of liberty from whose forum he has so often spoken words that have attracted the attention of nations, to take a last look of the man whose life so completely exemplified the most admirable self-sacrifice and the most singular purity of character. Mr. Phillips had his faults, but even these were free from selfishness or any semblance of vice. And even his few faults were so overshadowed by the splendor of his talents, the heroism of his life, and the excellence of his character that he must, indeed, be painfully deficient in ability to appreciate the elements of true manhood who could not find in him enough to attract his admiration and homage.—*Boston Journal.*

—Mount Ætna is in a state of eruption Strong earthquake shocks were felt before this began.

Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette

WESTERN RAMBLINGS.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL, Feb. 1, 1884.

EDITOR GAZETTE —The physical features of this section of Southern California are somewhat peculiar. Looking either north, east or south, high ranges of mountains obstruct the view. some of the most prominent peaks are covered with snow the year around. Along near the base of the mountains the land slopes toward the level plain in the broad valley. In the mountains there are narrow strips of land susceptible of cultivation, and used principally for the raising of potatoes.

The climate is as varied as are its physical features. It is a stereotyped expression here that one can find any kind of climate desired, and that, too, within a distance of but four miles. Up in the near approach to the snowy peaks, ice from six to eight inches is found on the lakes, and put up for summer use in the valley. Strange as it may appear, yet it is true, the warmest location in winter is along the bench land at the base of the mountains. Only yesterday we drove out to visit the favored sections lying in close proximity to the foot hills. We found garden peas, potatoes, tomatoes, and all kinds of vegetation green and flourishing, and flowers of a tender nature blow[illegible] gathered violets, blue bells as fresh as ever seen in spring. It is here where the earliest fruits grow, peach trees in certain localities are now in bloom. Orange groves in all their beauty flourish along the foot of the mountains. After getting several miles out, we come into a locality where, owing to the cool, damp atmosphere, fruits are not uncommon in winter, but it is more difficult to have the citrous fruits do so well About seven miles northeast of this town we found the most favored section we have visited in all our travels, for the raising of all kinds of fruits, and with the most delightful climate. Several new ditches are in course of construction, that are being built with an eye single to the saving of water, and to irrigate as much land as possible. The ditches are lined with stone, and then cemented, that no water can be wasted by seepage. In the building of these ditches, the mountain ridges are tunnelled in some places, and at others the ditch channel is carved out along perpendicular cliffs, and thus the water is carried out of the rugged canyons on to the bench lands along the base of the mountain. Water is everything here, so to speak, more valuable even than the land itself. The water system is peculiar, being sold or divided up by the hour's run. The use of the water contained in the ditch that carries some 300 inches of water, is rated to those using it, at from $3 to $4 per hour, being entitled to it only every ninth day. Other ditches rate otherwise in proportion to the amount of water they carry, and the length of time that must elapse before each one can have it. The above applies to perpetual water rights which, when once acquired, continue to all fucept a small tax necessary to keep the ditch in repair The locality above mentioned is rapidly being improved by parties from the East. The land is of a sandy loam, and well suited for oranges, lemons, limes, apricots, peaches, apples, plums, figs and olives, and large orchards are being put out. Coming on a gradual descent to the lower lands we find within a distance of five miles, every appearance of a different climate, tender grains and vegetables are frost bitten, and the orchards, though extensive, contain no citrous fruits Artesian water is abundant, and the country shows evidence of long settlement. Some of the old, original Mormon settlers are still here. We are told that there is at least one Mormon settler here who took part in the Mountain Meadow massacre.

The climate of this section of country is somewhat different from that nearer the seaboard, which is some sixty miles distant. The atmosphere is dryer in spring and fall the weather is most delightful, temperature steady, the nights cool, and the days clear, with a pleasant breeze. In mid-summer the days are hot, ranging from 90 to 105 degrees in the shade for some hours, but the nights are pleasant The rain, what fall here comes in the winter the weather is mild, and when not rainy the days are clear, and in certain localities frosty nights, sometimes cold enough to freeze a little ice on still water. There are no days in winter when it is too cool to work in the open air in shirt sleeves. The most disagreeable features of the weather here are an occasional "norther," which is a cool, heavy wind, sometimes blowing for several days, usually in the winter months, and dust storms that may come at any time during the year. Those favored localities near the mountains are more sheltered from the winds. Cyclones or destructive storms, it seems, are unknown here. House flies abound the year around, with a slight sprinkle of mosquitoes and fleas, now and then; as to other vexations insects there seems to be but few.

We had a pleasant visit into the mountains, some seven miles, to the Arrow Head Hot Springs. The name originates from a mountain of that name, on the face of which is a peculiar patch, an acre or two in area, that is perfectly bare, while the surrounding face of the mountain is covered with a short growth of vegetation. The shape of this peculiar spot is that of a flint arrow head, and may be seen for many miles. A good graded mountain road leads to the springs, which are located several hundred feet above the valley, and from where a magnificent view can be had of the circling mountains, and, southwest, through the wide gateway towards the ocean. Many thousands of acres of fertile land lie spread out, carpeting the scene in variegated colors. The dark green foliage of orange groves, and the verdure of green fields, intermingled with towns and settlements, and large scopes of gray appearing, uncultivated lands, awaiting the coming of the hosts that will soon cover the waste places and make them blossom as the rose.

It takes no far-seeing prophet to tell us that San Bernardino, nestling there in the midst of the fertile valley, her many spires pointing upward, will be a city of no mean proportions at a no distant day. Those Hot Sulphur Springs bid fair to be a great resort when the present lessee gets his mammoth building finished and the bath-arrangements in good order. The water is so hot that it has to be cooled before it can be drank. Mud baths are given at these springs, and for which wonderful effects are claimed in cases of rheumatic affections. To take them the patient is placed in a dug-out cavity in the ground, in a house without a floor, and warm mud taken from where the water boils up, is packed over and around the person, the head left free, and in this condition he is left for an hour or more, then washed off by standing under a shower-bath of hot water. We were satisfied with a steam bath, taken in a small room, immediately over one of the boiling springs. Heretofore there was but little accommodation for visitors, which will no longer be the case, when the new buildings are finished. There are other similar springs not far diatant, but no effort is being made to improve them.

J. S. F.

PROTECTION AND CASTE.

It is one of the objections raised by free traders to the protective tariff that [illegible] caste government taxing and impoverishing the whole people for the benefit of a class. A comparison of the governments of the United States and of Great Britain as they exist to-day, the impersonations of the two systems, will scarcely bear out the assertion. Nowhere is labor more honored and respected than in the United States, nowhere is it accorded so many privileges, nowhere is it better paid, nowhere is the laborer so independent, nowhere does he have so freely the necessaries and even the luxuries of life. In all these respects the comparison between Great Britain and the United States is infinitely to the advantage of the latter. There must be some reason why the millions of British laborers have forsaken their homes and come to America, abandoning the boasted benefits of free trade to submit themselves to the alleged oppressions of protection The British laborer at home finds himself the victim of caste; while in America he finds not only abundant labor in which he is protected, but better wages and creature comforts of which he never dreamed at home, and a social position to which in England he would never think of aspiring. Wages are an important item in the caste problem. 'Deprive the laborer of the country of adequate protection, and wages must come down because brought at once into competition with foreign cheap labor. take away the incentive to labor, and personal independence is taken away; and the step from individual dependence to national dependence is not a long one. Mr. Kasson made this point clear in his address to the Revenue Reform club in Brooklyn last week, and he added: "It is the policy of our Government to treat free trade countries. These laborers are part of our government, they wear the same crown with us. No greater mistake could be made in public policy than that which ignores the interests of the great working classes, that we may save a little on the articles we consume. I hope that the day will come when we shall reach the common result of maintaining all national enterprises, of keeping our wealth at home, of improving the condition of all classes of our community, and of making this country the model government, more distinguished in peace than in war—one that has solved the great question of labor and capital."

—Texas is a big State, few people realize the extent of its vast territory. The western and northwestern part of the State, being but sparsely settled, comprises but one congressional district, and contains about 122,000 square miles. This is as much as the entire area of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Ohio, which have sixty-one representatives in Congress, while this great region has but one spokesman. And this is not half the area of the "Lone Star" State, which could also swallow New York, Pennsylvania and Indiana, and still have 12,000 square miles left unoccupied. Texas is larger than the whole of France, larger than England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales combined, and yet the people do not take kindly to the idea of any division of this vast empire into other States, as by the terms of admission into the Union they are at liberty to do at any time.

—A few evenings ago Richard Valentine, a well-to-do farmer of North Hempstead, N. Y., called at the house of a friend. Miss Annie Jackson, a cousin of the hostess, remarked to Mr. Valentine that it was Leap Year, and that if a young lady asked him to marry her he would have to do it or buy her a new dress. He said that was right, and she then "popped the question." He thought it was better to marry first and buy the dress afterward, so he told her to put on her things and come. They drove to Boslyn, and were married the same evening. He should have postponed the marriage until St. Valentine's day.

—One of the Rothschild ladies went lately to Montmartre to relieve in person some of the ragpickers who were deprived of their livelihood by M. Roubelle's decree ordering the rubbish from houses to be transferred directly to the dustmen by the porters. The distress was great, and many families were evicted. The large number of children about elicited the fact that, with the singular kindness shown by the poor to one another, they were in many cases the adopted orphans of ragpickers deceased.

—The highest mark ever before reached by the floods of the Ohio at Cincinnati was that of the flood of last year, 66 feet 6¼ inches. At 9 o'clock last night it was 70 feet 2¼ inches, and was still rising at the rate of an inch an hour.

A DISTINGUISHED CRAZY QUILT.

The princess of "crazy quilt" makers is Molly Williams, a young woman living near St. Joseph, Mo. She has just finished making a silk quilt, the blocks of which are filled in with pieces of the dresses of more or less distinguished women throughout the country The pieces in the quilt go up in the thousands. Among the ladies who furnished her specimens are Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, Mrs. Governor Knott, of Kentucky, Mrs. Langtry, Fanny Davenport, Ellen Terry, Clara Morris, Maggie Mitchell, Kellogg Bernhardt, Lotta. Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Hendricks, Pœbe Cousin, Mrs Fletcher, Mrs. Medill, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Thomas E Fletcher, Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Watterson and Mrs Crittenden These distinguished ladies probably sent the samples out of sympathy for an unfortunate girl whom they evidently regarded as crazier than the craziest of "crazy quilts."

—From one of our exchanges we scissor the following —An honest old Pennsylvania farmer had a tree on his premises he wanted cut down; but being weak in the back, and having a dull axe, he hit upon the following plan. Knowing the passion among his neighbors for coon hunting he made a coon's foot out of a potato, and proceeded to imprint numerous tracks in the snow to and up the tree. When all [illegible] he informed his neighbors that the tree must be filled with coons, pointing to the external evidence made with his coon's foot. The bait took, and in a short time half a dozen fellows with sharp axes, were chopping at the base of the tree, each taking their regular turn. The party also brought dogs and shot guns, and were in ecstacies over the anticipated haul of fat coons. The tree finally fell, but nary coon was seen to "drap."

—A Lincolnton, N. C, citizen adopted a novel device for quieting his fretful baby one night. He lighted his lamp lying in bed, and held it up for the admiration of the younger. It had the desired effect, and while the infant was lost in silent admiration the father dropped off to sleep. In a short time he was awakened by the screams of both his wife and the child to find the bed clothes in flames. He had allowed the lamp to fall from his hand, and overturning it had fired the bed clothes His wife and baby were both painfully, though not dangerously burned.

A CURE FOR MALARIA.—The *Star* possesses no diploma, but it will hazard the assertion that malaria, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, is a synonym for disordered liver A treatment, the efficacy of which has been proven, is to take a dose of cathartic medicine before indulging in quinine. A goblet of hot (not lukewarm) water drunk every morning before breakfast, is a potent preventive of shakes and intermittent fever This simple prescription will be found worth a dollar a line to the victims of malaria —*N. Y. Star.*

—In memory of Wendell Phillips the Irish societies of Boston will omit their the evening of that day will attend a lecture, the proceeds of which will be contributed to the fund for a statue of the great Abolitionist.

—Professor Daniel Draper of New York thinks that the dense fogs of the past few days are in some way related to the red sunsets Professor Trowbridge also thinks they are due to the same causes which produced the wonderful sunset glows

THE DURATION OF SLEEP

Let us briefly allude to one of the most important concerns of life—namely, the duration of sleep—how in some cases a few hours will suffice, and in others a longer period is needed Dr Reid, the meta physician, could work for two days without a break if he got one sound sleep after a full meal. If the stories about Lord Brougham could be believed, he could work on less sleep than most people require. Frederick the Great and John Hunter required only five hours' sleep, but it must not be supposed that because men with exceptionally powerful nervous organizations can dispense with the normal quantity of sleep it would be safe for everybody to follow their example. The sleep of the heart, which we have seen to amount to eight hours out of the twenty-four, is a fair indication of the quantity of sleep which on an average ought to be allowed to the brain As Thomas Sir Browne, the learned Knight of Norwich, hath it, "half our days we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the brother of earth extracteth a third part of our lives." —*Science for All.*

EVILS OF HIGH HEELS.

The evils of the high heeled boot or shoe are due to the fact that it is an essentially badly fitting article. It is made in defiance of the relation it ought to bear to the anatomy of the foot and to the direction in which the body weight falls upon the latter Hence the peculiarly cramped walk of ladies of the present day. Any one may observe the consequences of the "advanced position," nearly under the instep, and the increased height of heel, in the substitution of a forward inclination of the body and a trip suggestive, in a measure, of the stumbling gait for the upright carriage and the free and graceful swinging movement natural to the leg in walking. The boot or shoe, in order that it may not shift on the foot, which has lost much of its usual purchase of direct downward pressure, must hold it firmly and even tightly, and, in particular, it is necessarily constructed so as to hold with undue firmness just above the back of the heel. With some persons, perhaps no inconvenience results, with others, who have fine skins, chafing is readily produced. This is in itself a trifle, but it may, nevertheless, be the slight beginning of graver troubles. Probably there is no practitioner fairly long acquainted with town practice who cannot recall a case or cases in which extensive Inflamation of the leg with abscess formation has followed even such a slight abrasion, and the exciting cause, when looked for, was discovered in the patient's shoe. There have been even instances, fortunately rare, but still occasioned, where abscesses arising round some neglected trifle of this kind have ended fatally. These are facts which cannot be denied and should not be overlooked —*London Lancet.*

☞Opposition is what it wants. That will make it sold; we mean Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup It has entered the lists and come out ahead. In the ranks of legitimate household remedies for the cure of coughs and colds, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup stands first. Price 25 cents.

GENERAL NOTES.

—Japan has 4 733 miles of telegraph and 22 miles of railway.

—Edwin P. Whipple is preparing a critical review of Matthew Arnold for one of the quarterlies.

—A Western paper truthfully remarks that it is the daily advertiser who catches the spring trade.

—Billy Boyd, the famous spy of rebellion days, is now the wife of a ranchman near San Antonia, Texas.

—The tin ore from King's mountain in South Carolina has been analyzed, and the discovery promises to be of great value.

—A bill redistricting Ohio for Congressional purposes became a law Thursday. It gives the Democrats 12 districts, the Republicans 9

—A female highwayman, with revolver in hand, relieved a gentleman of his watch during a recent festival at Guadalonpe, Mexico.

—A lumberman in Elk county, Pa., asserts that 4 000 acres of timber in that and adjoining counties are destroyed every year to furnish bark for tanning purposes.

—The old grist mill, a landmark on the Swamp creek, near Bechtelsville, Berks county, Pa., known as Kummer's mill, has been torn down It was built about 125 years ago.

—A Boston firm has received an order for a pair of shoes for a colored pastor down South who weighs four hundred pounds The shoes are No. 24's, and will answer for cradles

—Only four States are represented in both houses of Congress by natives, according to the Congressional Directory. These States are Delaware, Maine, South Carolina, and Vermont.

—At New Brunswick, [illegible] murderer, John Koop, is to be released. Word has been received from Bavarian authorities that his wife whom it was thought he murdered, is alive.

—Edward Roberts, of Schuylkill township, Chester Co., (Pa.) owns a wagon body which was made in 1779 for his grandfather, William Roberts, of Bucks county. It still does duty on runners as a sleigh

—It is estimated that 4,000 000 tons of ice have been harvested on the Hudson river this winter—being 1 000,000 more than last year. The quality is excellent It cost about twelve cents a ton to harvest.

—A young society leader in Montreal was to be married to a prominent belle of that city last week A few hours before the ceremony he left for New York and refuses to make any explanation of his conduct.

—A leading physician says that when pneumonia attacks the steady drinker, one who carries regularly his pint to a quart of whisky daily, the treatment comes exclusively under the domain of the undertaker, as the first case of recovery has yet to be reported.

—At Montrose, Pa, in the case of Dr E. L. Gardner, charged with taking excessive and illegal compensation from George N Dennis, of Binghampton, in assisting to secure a pension of $1,100, the testimony showed that $500 had been retained by Gardner for his services Gardner was bled.

—There is little doubt that W P Elliott, of Lewistown, Pa., is the oldest living editor in the State. He was 91 years old on January 12, and is still hale. He started the Lewistown *Gazette* in 1811. He is possibly the oldest printer in the United States.

—A man in Concord, N. H, advertised for a boy to learn the shoe business and received 27 answers, the ages ranged from 13 years to 62 He says he believes in advertising, but he wishes some [illegible] old

—The new armory of the First regiment, N G. Pa, at Broad and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, is rapidly approaching completion, and will be opened with special ceremonies on the evening of Washington's birthday.

SHUN DANGER.—Rheumatism or neuralgia of the heart, almost invariably results in the death of the patient, and thousands who are troubled with these diseases resort to their liniments or other application for relief, thus endangering their lives by changing the seat of disease or pain and forcing it to other and more sensitive and fatal portions of the system. It is impossible to cure these diseases while the acid poison remains in the blood, and Rheumatic Syrup is the only remedy yet known that will dissolve and expel from the system all traces of uric acid, which is the sole cause of all rheumatic and neuralgic pains.

All obstructions of the kidneys and attendant organs prove fatal if not removed. The surest and best remedy to dissolve and expel these obstructions is Rheumatic Syrup

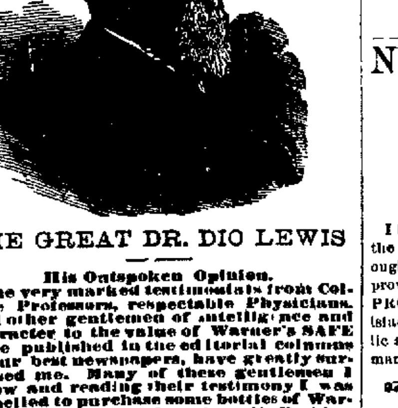
Robert S. Armstrong of Albany, N. Y., writes that his wife had been a great sufferer from Rheumatism and kidney disease for years and that the Rheumatic Syrup cured the pain in one week, and that she is now permanently cured by its use.

A TRUE assistant to nature in restoring the system to perfect health, thus enabling it to resist disease, is Brown's Iron Bitter

COCHRAN, GA —Dr A J Lamb says 'I never met with a remedy that gave more satisfaction in cases of debility and prostration than Brown's Iron Bitters '

OWENTON, KY —Rev J W. Waldrop says "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

—The late H. E Packer of Mauch Chunk, left his whole property to his wife and upon her decease twenty twenty-thirds of it goes to Lehigh University and the other three twenty-thirds to St Luke's Hospital



THE GREAT DR. DIO LEWIS

His Outspoken Opinion.

The very marked testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character to the value of Warner's SAFE Cure published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have greatly surprised me. Many of these gentlemen I know and reading their testimony I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and analyze it Besides. I took some, swallowing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truth is, the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that Mr H. H Warner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity.

Dio Lewis

MISCELLANEOUS

A SPECIFIC FOR THE BLOOD, AND A Positive Cure FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

An infallible remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Blood, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples & Blotches, and is the best Remedy for all Female Complaints and Weaknesses. It has cured diseases of the Liver and Kidneys when all other remedies have failed.

Do not let your Druggist persuade you to take something else, but if he has not got it, and will not send for it, write to us and we will send it to you by express, prepaid, on receipt of price

One to three bottles of Rheumatic Syrup will clear the system of Bile and cure any case of Inflammatory or Acute Rheumatism or Neuralgia

Three to five bottles will cure Lumbago in its worst form

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running Ulcers

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure any case of Salt Rheum

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of Scrofula

From two to four months use of Rheumatic Syrup will cure any case of Chronic Rheumatism of twenty years' standing

If you have been a sufferer for years and have used all the remedies you could hear of with no avail, do not be discouraged for Rheumatic Syrup will cure you

Price, $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00.

Send for our pamphlet of Testimonials, etc.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Rochester, N Y

PREVIOUS TO OUR

Annual Stock Taking

Which occurs in the month of February, we have decided to make a

SWEEPING REDUCTION

[illegible]

DRY GOODS,

so that our friends and customers may not feel necessitated to go to the city in quest of cheap goods.

Our entire line of

Ladies', Misses and Children's Coats

ARE OFFERED AT A REDUCTION OF

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

As they must be cleared out in order to make room for Spring goods

BLANKETS, of all grades,

follow the same fate.

Nor is this reduction confined to goods of this class, but in looking through

OUR CARPET STOCK

we find a number of patterns we would like to have out of the way before our Spring patterns arrive, which we are now selecting.

[illegible] a case of

MERRIMACK SHIRTING CHINTZES,

6¼c. per yard, and a line of

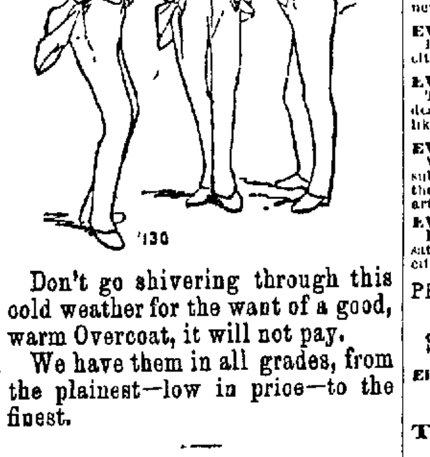
DARK CHINTZES,

Yard wide, at 10c., all new patterns.

These goods are all offered at a price that cannot fail to make them go, so that early buyers will fare the best.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S,

MILL STREET, - BRISTOL, PA.



Don't go shivering through this cold weather for the want of a good, warm Overcoat, it will not pay.

We have them in all grades, from the plainest—low in price—to the finest.

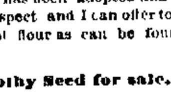
A. C. YATES & CO.,

Ledger Building, Chestnut and Sixth Sts,

PHILADELPHIA.

NEWPORTVILLE

MILLS!



I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and the public generally that my mill has been thoroughly repaired and refitted with all the modern improvements in the machinery line The PATENT PROCESS for flour has been adopted and gives satisfaction in every respect and I can offer to the public as fine a grade of flour as can be found in the market

☞Prime Timothy Seed for sale.

Wheat, Oats and Corn Wanted.

☞Grists ground on short notice

I. C. FETTER,

Newportville

THOS. C. NEGUS,
CONVEYANCER, ACCOUNTANT,
REAL ESTATE
AND
INSURANCE AGENT.

Mortgages negotiated Sale of Personal Property held, notes guaranteed

Office: 44 Mill Street, Bristol.

EVERY LADY

SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR

Strawbridge & Clothier's

FASHION QUARTERLY

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: Nearly one thousand engravings illustrating the new things in every department of fashion

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: Four pages of new music in most cases original, either vocal or instrumental

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: The prices of all kinds of Dry Goods together with descriptions and engravings to show what they look like

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: Valuable original articles mostly illustrated, on subjects that treat of the adornment of the person, the beautifying of home, and the newest things in art needle work

EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS: Instructions how the distant consumer can shop as satisfactorily and as economically as residents of the city

PRICE, 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

SPECIMEN COPIES, 15 CENTS

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

Eighth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

AMOS LIPPINCOTT, Agent,

The Veteran Tobacconist,

HAS REMOVED HIS STORE

FROM 69 TO 57 MILL STREET,

where he intends to carry on his business as heretofore on the

SCRUTENUTENARY PRINCIPLE.

He keeps constantly on hand the best brands of TOBACCO and CIGARS

Try the "Abajo," the best five cent cigar in the market

Butler's Gilt Edge" a new and favorite Tobacco, is highly recommended

North Star' and Magnolia,' Fine Cut Tobacco, kept constantly in stock

Cigarettes and all kinds of Smoking Tobacco, Scotch and Rapee Snuff, Clay, Briar Wood and other Pipes in great variety Rember the place

57 Mill Street, Bristol.

HOGUET'S

Pioneer Drug Store!

(ESTABLISHED IN 1844)

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.

Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol, Pa.

Constantly on hand a large stock of first-class DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye-stuffs, and all kinds of Spices, ground and whole bought from first hands for cash, and will be sold at low prices Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded

N B —No counterfeit goods kept for sale.

L. A. HOGUET,

Druggist and Chemist

MAHLON H. STOUT,

Attorney at Law.

Special attention given to Surveying and Conveyancing and the Negotiating of Loans.

OFFICE WITH WALTER R JOHNSON, HULMEVILLE, PA.

$66 a week at home $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure No risk. Capital not required Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty Write for particulars to H HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 14, 1884.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

PUBLISHERS BULLETIN.

Single copies of the GAZETTE, in wrappers for mailing at this office. Price, three cents.

The GAZETTE can be had at Chambers' News Agency, Mill street.

If you like this paper send it to some friend, who may be induced to subscribe. You thus do your friend a favor and oblige us.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

N[illegible]—Arrives 7 10 and 11 15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Close—7 00 and 11 15 A. M. 4:00 and 6:40 P. M.

[illegible]—Arrives 7 00 and 8 15 A. M., and [illegible] and 7 [illegible] P. M. Closes 5.45 and 10 15 A. M., 2.50 and 6 30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11 30 A M. Closes 10 00 A M.

[illegible] VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EMILIE—Arrives 11 [illegible] A. M. Closes 11:30 A. M.

[illegible], PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE—Arrives 1 00 P. M. Closes 6 00 A. M.

TRENTON—Arrives 10 00 A M and 4.00 and 7.30 P. M. Closes 8 00 A. M., and 4:00 and 5:40 P. M.

WEEKLY—Arrives 11 00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Last direct mail for New York City closes at 6 40 Post Office closes at 8 P. M. Saturday night at 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

For Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—2 42, 5 25, 6.30, 6 54, 7.23, 7 50, 8.10, 8.23, 9 46, 10 58 A. M., 12 56, 1.38, 3 05, 3.21, 4:11, 5.43, 7 06, 7 31, 9.37, 11 20 P. M. Sundays.—8 10, 9.00 A. M., 12 23 5 24, 6.08, 7 15, 9 27 P. M.

FOR KENSINGTON STATION.—6 52, 7 23, 8.23, 9 46 A. M., 12 56, 3 21, 4 11, 5 43, 7 31 P. M. Sundays.—12 23 and 5 24 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

BROAD STREET STATION.—12 01, 6 06, 6 50, 7 32, 8 30, 10.00, 11 15 A. M., 12 01, 2 00, 3.25, 4 30, 5 00, 5 25, 6 00, 6 02, 6 30, 7.15, 8 00, 11 15 P. M. Sundays.—12.01, 7 45, 8 30, 8 45 A. M. 2 00, 6 00 and 8 00 P. M.

FROM KENSINGTON STATION.—6 55, 7.45 8.40, 10 10 A. M., 2 10, 3 30, 4:35, 6 50, 6 10 P. M. Sundays.—8 40, 9 00 A. M., 2.15 P. M.

For Trenton.

[illegible] 7.30, 8.52, 9.16, 11.00, 11 56 A. M. 12 48, 3 01, 4.15, 5 42, 6 00, [illegible] 7 00 7 41, 8 36 P. M. Sundays.—9.16, 9 49 A.M., 5.00 7 00, 8 36 P. M.

From Trenton.

2 22, 7 56, 6 30, 7 00, 8 00, 9.25 10.41 A. M., 12 35 1 20, 2 49, 3 00, 3.50, 5 25, 6 52, 7 10, 9.18, 11.00 P. M. Sundays.—2.22 A. M., 12.01, 5.00, 5 51, 9 18, 11 00 P. M.

For New York.

1 5, 7 30, 9 16 11 56 A M 5 36, 6 42, 7 00, 8 36 P. M. Sundays.—1 05, 9 16 A. M., 5 00, 7.09, 9.36 P. M.

From New York.

6 20, 8 30, 11 10 A. M., 1 00, 5 00, 7 00, 12.00 night. Sundays—10.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

—Bristol still keeps above water.

—Lent begins on Ash Wednesday February 27th.

—As the days gradually lengthen the gas-bills slowly shrink.

—The pleasant weather last Sunday brought out the pedestrians.

—What the people of Bristol in their present condition mostly desire is more light.

—The steamboat Gem has commenced running between Bristol and Philadelphia.

—A leap year ball was given last night at Washington Hall by the girls of the Hosiery mill.

—Charles Woolman has leased the store at the corner of Wood and Walnut streets, and will again start in the grocery business.

—The store of George Hall at Langhorne, was broken into on Tuesday night and a lot of boots, blankets and other articles taken.

—The correspondence in this week's GAZETTE includes letters from Florida, California and Minnesota. They are worthy of perusal.

—Last night and to-day the post-office was besieged with youthful visitors, and Letter Carrier Adams had a large addition to his usual cargo of mail.

—The colored brethren give what is called a Valentine entertainment this evening, at the A. M. E. Wood street church. It costs 15 cents to see it.

—The fog on the Delaware, yesterday was dense. The Maid of Kent and the Gem made their trips however, nearly on time.

—To-day is St. Valentine's day. The younger portion of humanity have impatiently awaited its coming, and now are beginning to consider what shall be done on the 22d of February.

—J. Praul Rue, the former proprietor of the *Langhorne Beacon*, is now employed in the establishment of J. B. Larzelere & Co., in Philadelphia, the proprietors of Miles' Baking Powder.

—At the meeting of Council on Monday evening there was no business of importance transacted. After passing the bills presented, and appointing auditors to examine the Treasurer's accounts, the Council adjourned.

—The steamboat "Maid of Kent," George F. Tyler, Captain, will make regular trips between Bristol and Philadelphia until further notice. She made her first trip down on Tuesday morning. Her landing here is at Packer's wharf.

—The Republican ward nominating conventions will be held on Saturday evening at half-past seven o'clock. The First ward convention will be held at the Town Hall; the Second ward at Washington Hall, and the Third ward at Mohican Hall. The Borough convention will be held after the adjournment of the other conventions at the Town Hall.

—Among the changes on Mill street, the coming Spring, will be the removal of Mrs. Jewett's stationery store to the room occupied by the veteran tobacconist, Amos Lippincott, Amos will transfere his stock to the room across the street occupied by Hibbs Goforth, as a tea store, and Mr. Goforth will go one door below to the building now being fitted up for his occupancy.

—The Hulmeville *Advance* has discarded the patent outside and now buys ready set matter, stereotyped, instead. It is a step in the right direction, and does not cost much more money than the former method. When it is able to set up in its own office all the reading matter it furnishes its readers it will then be entitled to receive the consideration due a properly conducted journal.

—George R. Tingle, Esq., of Glendive Montana, spent a day this week in Bristol, at the residence of his uncle, Joseph S. Thomas. Mr. Tingle is enthusiastic in his praises of the land he has made his home. The section of countrywhere he is located is largely interested in cattle raising. His town is on the Yellowstone river, at a point where the Northern Pacific strikes that stream, and already is a place of considerable importance, and is destined to be one of the principal points in the Northwest.

A PHILOSOPHICAL EXTRACT.

One of the GAZETTE's old and valued subscribers, living in Bristol township in remitting his dollar for another year's subscription to the GAZETTE, philosophizes as follows: "This is a terrible winter for rheumatic cripples. I am afflicted in both arms and legs, and in my own estimation am no longer a factor of any consequence here on this mundane sphere, and might just as well save suffering by my hegira to another world. But you know, Mr. Editor, that nearly everybody likes to stay here as long as they can, even under the most excruciating circumstances, and I am not an exception to that almost universal desire, consequently will be glad to live on to complete my fourth score of years.

"In a very short period of time many acquaintances about my age have gone to fill up their niche in the dark and silent halls of death. I will name only a few, and nearly all of them had a better promise for long life than I have had, with my extreme suffering for more than a quarter of a century: William Elmslie, Michael Taylor, Edward L. Taylor, Dr. Robert Taylor, Thomas N. Taylor, John C. Burton, Jacob Vanhorn, James C. King, Charles R. Bicking, Nathan Webster, Charles T. Iredell, William B. Rogers, and lately, William Praul and many others not mentioned.

"This is a winter of extreme peril to valetudinarians, and I have donned my hygienic coat of mail to glance off the arrows of the grim messenger, who stalks around with stealthy steps and fires his random shots at the vulnerable and the reckless who make light of the perilous predicament in which every human being is placed by being surrounded with the vortex of eternity and liable to be precipitated therein at any moment. But alas! we are all doomed to face the music of death, and it is best to take a philosophical view of the situation, and try to be prepared to go triumphant.

"Mr Editor, please excuse this careless, hasty scrawl, and accept my congratulations upon the handsome showing of the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE, which, while the cheapest, is one of the best papers in the county."

THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE GAS COMPANY IN COUNCIL.

The directors of the Bristol Gas Light Company have wisely concluded to change the process of the manufacture of their gas. There has been much complaint made of the unsatisfactory quality of that which has heretofore been furnished to consumers, as to quality of light, disagreeable odor and the smoke which is so great as to ruin ceilings and almost provoke a saint to swear. A special meeting of the stockholders was held at Washington Hall, on Saturday afternoon last and the subject was fully discussed. There were two propositions placed before the meeting looking towards the leasing of the works by Philadelphia parties. One was from Messrs. A. O. Granger & Co., manufacturers of what is known as water gas, such as is now used in Binghampton, N. Y., New Brunswick, Patterson, Coney Island, Utica, Port Jervis and some forty additional towns. Mr. Granger offers to lease the works for 25 years, put in the same kind of works as are placed in the above named places, and at the expiration of the lease allow the improvements to remain and revert to the stockholders without cost.

Mr. Maloney, representing the Pennsylvania Globe Glas Light Company, proposed also to lease the works and furnish a coal gas, equal in quality to that used in Philadelphia, of 16 candle power, at a price not exceeding $2.50 per 1,000 feet, with a discount to large consumers

On motion of Dr. H. Pursell a committee of five was appointed to examine into the merits of the propositions submitted as well as to enquire into the expediency of the present company continuing to operate the works. On this committee Dr. H. Pursell, L. A. Hoguet, J. Cone, James Buckman and B. F. Gilkeson were appointed. The meeting then adjourned to convene to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the same place, at which time the committee will probably be able to make a satisfactory report and recommend some plan which will result in furnishing the citizens of the borough with better light.

SERVED HIS TIME.

On Friday evening last the employees of the wool-sorting department of the Bristol Worsted Mills were handsomely entertained at the Closson House by Joseph R. Grundy, he having reached the termination of his term of service as a fine apprentice. According to an old English custom fine apprentices (those in whom the owners are directly interested either by relation or otherwise), are expected, upon finishing their trade, to celebrate the event by substantially entertaining all members of the department. At 7:30 P. M. the guests were ushered into the dining rooms, where covers were laid for 28. After doing full justice to the fine collation, all adjourned to the parlors, where, according to custom, a regular organized meeting was effected by the election of the following officers for the evening: President, Robert Laycock; Vice President, John Sanderson; Secretary, James Whitley. After congratulatory speeches, eulogistic of the graduate and the firm, by Messrs. Laycock, Sanderson, Whetstone, Lawrence, Brooks, and responses by Messrs. Grundy and Shoemaker, the following programme was carried out, with the assistance of Prof. Harney, pianist, whose fine performing was much enjoyed by all present:

Song—Gone From my Gaze.....Mr. Thomas Brooks
Song—Annie Laurie.....J. P. Lawrence
Recitation—Joe Muggins.....J. Mitchell
Song—Over the Garden Wall.....C. Buchler
Song—Glasgow City.....J. Sanderson
Recitation—Charge of the Light Brigade, R. Laycock
Song—Nancy Lee.....J. Whitley
Recitation—Curfew Bells.....Mr. Whetstone
Song—Paddy's Share.....J. McBrien
Song—Warrior Bold.....Mr. Swain
Song—Bunch of Roses.....J. Strickland
Recitation—Burial of Sir John Moore.....J. Swales
Song—Good as Gold.....Wm. Appleton
Song—Nettie Moore.....Wm. Wilkinson
Song—Good Night.....J. Watson and Company

After which all returned home with pleasant memories of the occasion, which will long be remembered.

—The Albion Print Works at Conshohocken, have suspended operations in consequence of a levy made by the sheriff.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Nothing lasts so long as an amusing custom. For more than three thousand years it has been usual for young people to indulge in sports of a peculiar kind in the middle of February, some faint shadow of which still survives. There have been different accounts given of the origin of St. Valentine's Day. The following is one of them:

In the earlier days of Rome, February was the last month of the year, and for that reason it was much devoted to the service of the gods. The Latin word *februare* means to purify and expiate, and hence this month was called by the ancient Romans *Februarius*, or the month of purification. The old Romans, doubtless, felt at the end of the year much as we do, and said to themselves, "Let us clear off old sores, make up for neglected duties, and start afresh."

The most singular religious festival was held on the 15th of February, in a place called the Lupercal, where Romulus and Remus were supposed to have been nurtured by the she-wolf. There was a grove near by, in which an altar to Lupercus, the god of fertility, and hence the festival was called Lupercalia.

In most of the religious celebrations of the Romans there was a great deal of jollity and merriment, and perhaps no festival was celebrated with so much boisterous fun as this. Young men, half covered with goat skins, ran about the city, striking all the women they met with thongs of goat-skins.

As time went on, and the gods were held in less reverence, the Lupercalia became more riotous, and the whole people gave themselves up to extravagant festivity.

But what of St. Valentine? How did his name become connected with a pagan festival? That is a point upon which "commentators differ."

St. Valentine, according to the old Christian records, was an eminent bishop, or presbyter, who lived in the reign of Emperor Claudius, about the year 270.

He is described as a man of great talents and greater benevolence, who, after a life of zeal and good works, obtained the "crown of martyrdom." He was beheaded at Rome during one of the last periods of persecution.

The day dedicated to the memory of this eminent saint was the 14th of February, upon which for a thousand years the people of Rome had been accustomed to prepare for the Lupercalia. Presents of gloves, jewelry, flowers, sweetmeats, sandals, garters, flew about in all directions, and the young men and maidens were full of expectation.

Now the fathers of the church were wise in their generation. They found that they could not prevent the sports of Lupercalia, and so they did the next best thing; they purified and permitted them. The ancient indecencies and riotous burlesques of the heathen festival were abolished, and in their stead were practised the innocent gayeties of St. Valentine's day.

This at least is the best explanation that can now be given of the peculiar usages to which we are accustomed on the festival to the memory of a beloved bishop and Christian martyr.

THE DOYLESTOWN COURT HOUSE.

In a special charge to the grand jury of Bucks county Judge Yerkes thus "lays down the law" in regard to the use made of the new courthouse at Doylestown:

It is difficult to understand by what authority the County Commissioners permit the public buildings to be constantly occupied, let for a term of years, and used for the government post office of Doylestown borough, or for any other purpose not connected with the public business of the county. These buildings were erected for the use of the people of Bucks county to conduct their public business, and neither the general government nor the people of any borough or district of the county, nor any association, society or corporation, however commendable, useful or worthy, has any special and peculiar privilege therein, especially to the exclusion and detriment of the convenient and economical conduct of public affairs of the county.

The Commissioners have no power or right to use these grounds to erect on them large and unnecessary buildings and to rent them, or any part of them, out for any purpose; to concede that they may do so in one case is paving the road for further abuses. Other buildings might be constructed thereon for different purposes; and next we may expect these rooms occupied for lawyers' offices, or even shops or saloons by some favorite or relative of the Commissioners.

The room adjoining the Prothonotary office, now used as a United States post-office, should be assigned to the Sheriff. It is fully as large as that occupied by the Sheriff of Montgomery county, where much more business is transacted. That adjoining the Register's office, now occupied by the Historical Society, if used in connection with the Register's office, would for many years to come afford ample accommodations for the Clerk of the Orphans' Court and Register, and besides place those offices in their natural position towards each other. There are many reasons why they should be kept together. The room now used by the District Attorney ought to accommodate the Sessions and Oyer and Terminer.

—The following is the produce raised on the Almshouse farm last year: 800 bushels of wheat, 1,500 bushels of oats, 1,200 bushels of potatoes, 160 bushels of rye, 2,000 bushels of corn, 150 tons of hay. Average number of inmates during the year, 170. Twenty-eight persons died at the Almshouse and Hospital, one of whom, Rebecca Miners, colored, was 102 years of age.

—General W. W. H. Davis, of Doylestown, has been engaged to lecture in Freed's Hall, Lansdale, on Saturday, evening, February 16th. The lecture will be under the auspices of the Grand Army Post, No. 290.

—The Hulmeville streets are said to be worse than the county roads.

Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.

FLORIDA IN FEBRUARY.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 10, 1884.

EDITOR GAZETTE:— We arrived in Jacksonville on Sunday, at 8 o'clock A. M., from Charleston, where we stopped long enough to visit all places of interest. We seemed to have awakened in fairy-land, so perfect was the transformation scene. I feel helpless and inadequate to the task of giving expression to my thoughts, and whatever I do say will seem crude and very far from giving a true coloring, for I do not believe it possible to describe Florida. To realize it one must needs see it to believe it to be an Eden. Imagine, if you can, coming from a clime where the rivers are frozen, where snow is lying on the ground, and then wake up in a land where the thermometer registers 77° in the shade, where you can walk out in your summer clothing along the green and shady avenues, where the trees are covered with exquisite moss that has the appearance of lace, beautifully festooned all over the branches, some of it craping the trees completely and hanging in clusters three yards long. Interspersed through these trees you will find the ornamental holly covered with red berries. Even along the streets you will see orange shade trees heavily laden with the golden fruit.

This morning we were privileged to sail up the St. John's river in a very pretty little yacht, with two of our Bristol friends—Mr. Ellwood Heston and mother. I can scarce describe the pleasure. The day was beautiful and the river very placid. I felt as though I were dreaming. We dispensed with all our wraps, and sat outside as we would at home in mid summer. Landing at Arlington, we first visited the orange grove of Mr. Mathews, who kindly showed us through portions of the grounds and gave us the privilege of plucking some of the oranges, which were very luscious and toothsome. He then showed us some of the large citron which are used for cooking purposes. We then walked through the avenues of moss-covered trees that filled us with such rapture that we were forced to stop every little while and offer up so many exclamations that it would fill a page to enumerate them.

We stopped to rest in a beautiful little cottage occupied by a gentleman from our own native State (Pennsylvania), who showed us through the pretty villa that he had just erected, of the native pine. On taking us out on the upper veranda, we were amazed to discover some little creatures crawling about that resembled alligators in form, but are very beautiful to look upon, and were told they were the chameleon, which changes color, or it partakes of the color of whatever object it adheres to. We find many of these little animals crawling around on the palmettos and other plants.

The people residing in Florida are indeed favored. The weather is not only genial and warm, but the air is exceedingly balmy, and is as soft and low as a maiden's sigh. The minute you step out into the air you feel buoyant, and it certainly has an exhilarating effect; and you are charmed to walk through the pretty green avenues where the mocking-bird carols forth her sweet and enchanting notes.

We were very much pleased with a trip to the ancient city of St. Augustine, about fifty miles from Jacksonville. It is said to be the oldest city in the United States, and is situated on a ridge of land between two salt water rivers, the Montanxas and St. Sebastian, is one mile from the Atlantic Ocean, in sight of the bar and lighthouse, and within hearing of the surf. Approaching the town by the old city gate, which is a massive piece of masonry going to decay, we enter an old and narrow street which leads directly to the centre of the quaint old city. To go to Florida without visiting St. Augustine would be like going to Rome without visiting St. Peter's. We walked through its narrow streets and strolled through old Fort Marion, whose foundations were laid over three hundred years ago. The material used in its construction is a concretion of fragments of shells hardened by a process known only to the people of that time. We made a thorough investigation of the ancient fort, even to entering the damp, dark dungeon, which is so dark that the rays of the spirit lamp can scarcely penetrate it. In this underground sepulchre, when the United States Government first took possession, was found two human skeletons, and in an iron cage was a great many bones, supposed to be those of incarcerated prisoners.

From the fort we walked one mile on the city wall, which is used as a promenade along the river. From there we went to the Plaza, or as we would call it a public square, where is situated the old Spanish slave market, where many a poor human life was bartered away. Near by is the quaint and ancient Cathedral, on which the finger of Time has indelibly written decay inside and out. It is still used as a place of worship, but seems so damp and cheerless that it is a wonder the people do not refuse to enter its crumbling walls. We visited the United States Barracks and witnessed the drilling of the new recruits. From there we took a drive to the large orange grove of Dr. Anderson, where are acres of heavily laden orange trees. After feasting our eyes on the grand garden, we took the train for Jacksonville perfectly satisfied that it matters not in what direction you may turn your wandering footsteps in this beautiful land of flowers you are sure to find a feast of good things.

We are stopping at the Everett House, a very home-like place, where every attention is given to make the guests comfortable.

JAMES WRIGHT.

—Fancy advertising cards have had their day. Business men are tiring of them. It is time. Their expense exceeded their value. Plain cards were always better, and for effective advertising the newspaper columns are always best.—*Utica Observer.*

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol post office, Wednesday evening, February 13th:—Mrs. Crow, Mary E. Davis, Annie Gallagher, Winfield S. Hoover, Harry Heavener, James McFadden, Maurice Ward. Postals:—Charlie Hill, John Shiding.

WHY DEEDS SHOULD BE RECORDED.—Examine your old deeds and see if the recorder's certificate is endorsed thereon, and if not recorded you will save trouble by observing the following reasons why they should be recorded:

1. Because a deed which is not recorded within six months after the execution of the same shall be adjudged fraudulent against any subsequent purchaser for valuable consideration.

2. Because where two deeds are made of different dates from the same grantor to different persons, neither of which is recorded within six months, that which is first recorded will take priority.

3. Because purchasers who neglect to lace their deeds upon record as prescribed by law, incur a risk of former owners giving liens upon the same.

4. Because moneyed men will not make any loans to parties whose deeds are not recorded.

5. Because if by accident a deed should be destroyed or lost, it would be very expensive to get another.

6. Because to preserve a claim or title, it is requisite to have all deeds recorded.

—James G. Smith, chief of a division in the Treasury, who was sent to Europe last summer to examine postal methods, has presented his report. He recommends the department discontinuing direct accounting with 31,500 post offices, requiring them to secure supplies and receive compensation and authorized expenditures from some office in their vicinity of the other 6,500 officers of the country, these latter directly accounting to the department. He recommends also a return to fixed salaries, and suggests a method by which the benefits of the money order system may be extended to the smaller offices of the country, and concludes that the system proposed would require a force much smaller than now, and would not necessitate the creation of a single new office.

☞Expressions of gratitude on the part of the public are always impressive and solemn. It is pleasant to know that the people are justly praising the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, a safe remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup and sore-throat.

—The Democrats in Congress are in a quandary over the Tariff question. There is extreme doubt of the passage of the Morrison or any other bill before the holding of the National conventions, and then the Tariff will become an issue of the Presidential canvass. Without definite action by the Democrats in Congress, what will the Democratic National convention do. "Take to the woods," probably.

☞CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and even Asthma immediately relieved by Acker's English Remedy. Sold under guarantee by John K. Young, Druggist 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—A movement is on foot to provide Chicago with grand opera music annually. A new opera house has been contracted for, and will be built within a year.

☞Abbott & Co., 58 Mill street, are selling men's best Dull Rubber Boots at $3.15, other stores charge $3 50 and $3.75 for the same; boys, $2 35; men's rubber shoes, 65c., other stores charge 80c.; woman's, 46c. See their advertisement in another column.

☞LADIES SHOULD REMEMBER, a beautiful complexion results from using Acker's Blood Elixir. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street Bristol, Pa.

☞The place to buy Apples, Oranges, Lemons and other fruits, the place to get butter and eggs and a full line of choice and seasonable groceries is at Captain Charles H. Fenton's corner grocery, corner of Mill and Cedar streets.

☞"I DON'T FEEL WELL!" The stomach is out of order; neglected, this means chronic dyspepsia. You should take Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets and avoid this terrible disease. Sold by Jno K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞The choicest meat that has been seen in Bristol for some time is now at Edward S. Stackhouse's meat market on Mill street near the corner of Cedar. He has tender and juicy steaks, fine roasts, and keeps also a fine stock of Bucks county poultry for his customers.

☞AN OLD NURSE SAYS: Acker's English Remedy is *best* for coughs, croup, diptheria, or bronchitis. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Crescent Tobacco advertisement in another column.

☞NO LONGER A QUESTION of opinion, we guarantee every box of Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets Price 25c. and 50c. Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

☞The place to get pure medicines, fine chemicals, superior perfumery, toilet soaps, hair oil and pomades is at the Dorrance street Drug Store. It is also the place of accuracy, carefulness and low prices, and is conducted by Serrill Douglass, a graduate in pharmacy.

☞USE ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY FOR Consumption. Sold by Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—The Archaeological Society of Athens has determined to explore the bottom of the Bay of Salamis for relics of the vessels which were sunk in the famous naval battle between the Greek and Persians. The former lost about fifty and the latter nearly two hundred galleys, which have since lain undisturbed at the bottom of the sea. The water is not very deep, the society posesses sufficient financial strength to employ the best means of investigation, and the attempt is regarded with much interest.

☞WHAT WILL STOP MY COUGHING AT NIGHT? Guarantee Acker's English Remedy will. Price 20c., 60c. and $1. Jno. K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

—Ruskin says: "Never buy a copy of a picture. All copies are bad, because no painter who is worth a straw ever will copy. He will make a study of a picture he likes for his own use in his own way, but he won't and can't copy; and when ever you buy a copy you buy so much misunderstanding of the original, and encourage a dull person in following a business he is not fit for, besides increasing ultimately chances of mistake and imposture. You may, in fact, consider yourself as having purchased a certain quantity of mistakes, and, according to your power, being engaged in disseminating them."

☞A THOROUGH COURSE of Acker's Blood Elixir will remove all taint from the blood. It cures Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils and Pimples. Sold by John K. Young, Druggist, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STEAMER

MAID OF KENT.

On and after Monday, February 11, 1884, until further notice, the STEAMER MAID OF KENT will leave Bristol, (Packer's wharf,) at 7.45 A. M., and Burlington at 8 A. M., for Philadelphia. Returning, leave Pier 11 North Wharves, (First wharf above Race street,) at 1 P. M.

An Adjourned Meeting

OF the Stockholders of the BRISTOL GAS LIGHT COMPANY will be held at Washington Hall, on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, at 3 o'clock P. M., to consider the propriety of leasing or renting the works.

By order of the Board.

SAM'L SWAIN, Secretary.

Bristol, Second mo. 13, 1884.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

AT

M. A. ABBOTT & CO.'S, 58 Mill Street, Bristol.

Object of the sale: to make certain important changes in our business, with a view of further extending and improving it. Goods to the extent in value of $10,000, this amount is now here and ready in our store for examination and to be sold to the people of Bucks county. While with three months of Winter weather still before us we could readily dispose of our immense stock at moderate prices, which have prevailed all along, but we have determined to inaugurate a short and decisive sale.

Heavy Sheeting, been selling at 12½c. per yard, now 11½; Lancaster Sheeting, 10-4, been selling at 25c., now 23; Gold Medal Bleached, 5-4, been selling at 16c., now 15c.; Wamsutta Muslin, been selling at 11½c. per yard, a fine line of Bleached and Unbleached at 8 and 10c.; Medicated Red Flannel, been selling at 40c., now 38; one been selling at 25c., now 24; D. R. P. Gray Flannel, been selling at 25c., now 23c.; all Canton Flannels down 1c. yard; a heavy Shawl, been selling at $1.25, now $1; White Blankets, been selling at $3.50, now $3 pair; one at $2.50, now $2.25; Gray Blankets, been selling at $1.25, now $1.00; one at $1 00, now 80c. pair; Horse Blankets, been selling at $1.50, now $1.25; one at $1.45, now $1.00; one at $1.20, now 80c.; 100 dozen Ladies Merino Vests, been selling at 50c., now 40c.; 100 dozen gents Merino Undershirts, been selling at 50c., now 40c.; about 200 dozen mens' and boys' Blue and Gray Flannel and fine White Shirts at 20 per cent. below regular prices; Bed Quilts, been selling at $1.25, now $1.00; ladies and gents Kid and Dog Skin Gloves, at 20 per cent. discount. We have a few patterns of Oil Cloth we will sell at cost to close them out. We have about 100 ladies Felt Skirts, been selling at $1.35, now $1.23; 100 pairs men's best Dull Rubber Boots at $3.15, other stores charge $3.50 and $3.75 for the same; boy's at $2.35 a pair; children's best Rubber Shoes, 35c., misses, 37c., women's 46c. a pair. Now is your chance as they will soon be gone. Men's Congress Gaiters, $1.25. All of our heavy Boots and Shoes will be sold 10 per cent. lower than we have been selling. A heavy Boot, been selling at $2.25, now $2.00; one double soled $2.75, now $2 60; a heavy Kid Shoe, $1.90, now $1.75; boys' heavy grained Shoes, $1.50, now $1.40; a ladies Pebble Shoe, $1.25; a good Shoe for $1.00; Children's Shoes, 50c. to $1.00; Wool Ingrain Carpet, been selling at 43c. per yard—we have had a large lot manufactured for us and are now going to sell it at 39c. per yard; Rag Carpet, 23c. per yard.

GROCERIES.

GRANULATED SUGAR 8½c. You all know that coffees have advanced in price, but we keep it at the old prices. Old Government Java, 30 cents; Laguayra, 23 cents; Maricaibo, 23 cents; Rio, 16 and 20 cents; our Tea at 50 cents cannot be beaten; new Leyhorn Citron, 23 cents per pound; Raisons, 11 cents; Cranberries, 13 cents per quart; Corn Starch, 8½ cents; Heckers' Buckwheat, 20 cents; a Fine Family Flour, 72 cents per quarter; Matches, 8 cents per dozen boxes; the best brands of Tomatoes, 11 cents per can; Corn, 10 cents; I. X. L. Hams, 16 cents per pound; Chipped Dried Beef, 26 cents per pound; Lard, 12 cents per pound; Rising Sun Stove Polish, 6 cents; Salt, 4 cents per bag; Head Light Oil, 17 cents per gallon; New Orleans Molasses, 75 cents per gallon; Syrup, 55 cents per gallon; Rice, 8 cents; Tobacco, 9 cents per plug; Cattle Powder, 15 cents paper; Gun Powder, 35 cents per pound; Shot, 9 cents pound; Caps, 8 cents per box.

Quick sales and small profits is our motto. We invite you all to walk through our store and examine our goods and prices.

58 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

"SPECIAL NOTICE."

THE time of year has again arrived when we commence our usual clearing sale of FALL and WINTER GOODS, and this season goods were cheap to commence with, so that now they are (in many instances) lower than for many years. Those who yet need DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, LINENS, in their variety; TICKINGS, MUSLINS, SHEETINGS. Also, UNDERWEAR for men, women and children, in great variety; HOSIERY, GLOVES, HDK'S, &c., &c., in fact anything needed for a personal or house furnishing outfit in the Dry Goods and Staple Notion line is now ready, as the last reduction for the season. When next in the city call and see

JOHN MOORE & CO.,

517 and 519 North Second St., above Noble, Philadelphia.

SILK TURCOMAN CURTAINS.

SILK TURCOMAN CURTAINS. SILK TURCOMAN CURTAINS.

About Four Hundred Pairs of the most desirable patterns and shades will be sold at a STILL GREATER REDUCTION to close out this month. These goods are our own make, warranted all silk, and are the greatest bargains ever offered.

Smyrna Carpets, Rugs and Mats. Smyrna Carpets, Rugs and Mats.

From our own Looms! Special designs and colorings and the largest variety in the city; first quality only, and made expressly for our retail trade.

JOHN BROMLEY & SON,

CARPET MANUFACTURERS,

915 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

GEO. S. STONE,

NO. 67 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,

PLUMBING,

Steam and Gas Pipe Fitting,

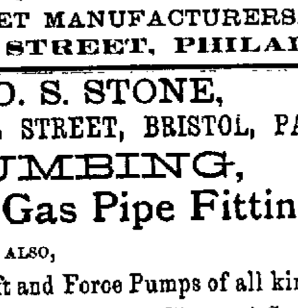
ALSO,

Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.

Also, constantly on hand, Garden Hose, Hose Pipes and Sprinklers, Hose Reels, Glass Globes and Shades, Bath Tubs, Circulating Boilers, Genuine Cucumber Pumps.

IVINS & BRO.

White Ash Suits $25 to $3[illegible]. Cottage Suits, $16 to $45. Walnut Suits, $25. Walnut Suits, Marble Tops, $35 to $200, according to quality, and low price guaranteed.



Lounges, $3.50 to $7. Lounges, Walnut, $7 to $25. Extension Tables, $5 to $20. Bedsteads, $2.50 to $10. Every grade of goods.

No. 66 N. Second Street, Philadelphia.

My Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1884, the result of thirty years' experience as a Seed Grower, will be sent free to all who apply. All my Seed is warranted to be fresh and true to name, so far that should it prove otherwise, I agree to refill orders gratis. My collection of vegetable Seed, one of the most extensive to be found in any American Catalogue, is a large part of it of my own growing. As the original introducer of Eclipse Beet, Burbank Potatoes, Marblehead Early Corn, the Hubbard Squash, and scores of other new Vegetables, I invite the patronage of the public. In the gardens and on the farms of those who plant my seed will be found my best advertisement.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Seed Grower, Marblehead, Mass.

REPUBLICAN

Ward and Borough Nominating Conventions.

IN pursuance of the Rules for the government of the Republican party of the Borough of Bristol, notice is hereby given that the Ward Conventions for the purpose of placing in nomination the various Ward offices to be voted for at the ensuing election, will be held on

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16th.

at 7:30 o'clock, as follows.

First ward, at the Town Hall,
WILLIAM H. H. FINE,
Temporary Chairman.

Second ward, at Washington Hall,
CHARLES E. SCHEIDE,
Temporary Chairman.

Third ward, at Mohican Hall,
CHARLES S. BAILEY,
Temporary Chairman.

THE BOROUGH CONVENTION,

Composed of 15 Delegates from each of the three wards, will be held at the TOWN HALL, on SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16th, at 9 30 o'clock, upon the adjournment of the several Ward Conventions.

By order of the Executive Committee.
B. F. GILKESON, Chairman.

MILLS AND MILL SITES

In the Northwest

FOR SALE BY

GILLSON, BENJAMIN & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENTS,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Send for list of bargains.

The NIAGARA INSURANCE CO.,

formerly represented by

E. G. HARRISON & SON,

lately by

MAHLON H. STOUT, ESQ.,

will hereafter be represented by

A. WIER GILKESON.

A FARM OF 74 ACRES TO LET. Situate on the Philadelphia and Bristol pike, two miles above Holmesburg. Apply to JAMES DAY, Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.

A FARM OF 48 ACRES TO LET. Situate on the Bustleton road near Holmesburg. Apply to JAMES DAY, Holmesburg, 23d Ward, Philadelphia.

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Gazette Office, BRISTOL, PA

EDWARD N. BOOZ,

Auctioneer,

23 WOOD STREET, BRISTOL.

TO RENT. A FARM AT BRISTOL. Location unsurpassed for milk or truck. Good references required from applicant. Address Box 213, Bristol Post Office.

For Sale.

HOUSES of every size and description. Terms of payment very liberal. JOSHUA PEIRCE;

G. W. ADAMS, Dentist, Bristol, Pa. Patients from a distance send word four days in advance to ensure *immediate attention.* Out of office on Second-day.

DURKEE'S

SALAD

DRESSING.

25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE,

S. W. COR. MILL AND CEDAR STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

BRISTOL SEMINARY,

BRISTOL, PA.

THE second term will begin on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30th. This will be a favorable time for entering the school as new classes will then be formed. Thoroughly competent, earnest teachers in all departments. A. MERRIAM, Principal.

Art School.

MARY H. IREDELL & SUE S. IREDELL,

Have opened a Studio in connection with Miss Merrian's School, and for private pupils, at their residence on Radcliffe street. Instruction given in object Drawing; China, Oil and Water Color Painting; Still Life; Drawing on Wood, Landscape and Flowers from Nature

TO FARMERS.

SUBSTANTIAL FARMERS who may read his are invited to examine

THE OXFORD MARKET,

CORNER OXFORD and TWENTIETH STS., and consider if it would not be to their interest to have a stall there.

ESTATE NOTICE. Estate of ANN LARZELERE, late of Bristol township, Bucks county, Pa., deceased.—All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, to

WILLIM LARZELERE, Administrator.

Or his Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE. Estate of CHARLES DOUGLASS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the said estate, are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to THOMAS B. DOUGLASS, Administrator.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On and after November 18, 1883.

MAIN LINE.

Trains leave Broad Street Station.

*Daily. §Daily, except Sunday.

"New York and Chicago Limited," of Pullman Palace Cars.....*11 25 a m
Fast Line, Pittsburg and the West.....*11 10 a m
Western Express.....*9 10 p m
Pacific Express West.....*11 20 p m
Harrisburg Express.....*4 30 a m
Niagara Express.....§7 40 a m
Watkins Express.....§11.10 a m
Erie Mail and Buffalo Express, daily except Saturday, on Saturday runs to Renova 11 20 p m
Kane Express.....§7 40 a m
Renova Express.....§11 10 a m
Martinsburg Express.....§4 30, 7.40 and 11.10 a m
Chambersburg and Hagerstown Express §4.30 4.30 and 11.10 a m, daily, 11 20 p m. For Chambersburg only, 5 40 p. m.
Shenandoah Valley Railroad every week day at 7.40 a. m. and New Orleans Express, via Luray and Chattanooga, daily at 11.20 p. m
Harrisburg and York Express.....§5 40 a m
Mail Train.....*7.00 a m
Harrisburg Accommodation.....§2 14 p m
York and Hanover Express.....§7.40 a m
York, Hanover and Frederick Express.....§11.10 a m
Columbia and York Accommodation.....§4.40 p m
Parkesburg Train.....§11 45 a. m and §5 45 p m
Downingtown Accommodation, 6 10 and 7 15 a m and 9 45 p m. On Sunday at 7 45 a. m. 3 45 and 8 15 p m.
West Chester Express, 7 40 a m., 4 40 and 5 40 p. m. Accommodation, 6.10 and 11.45 a. m., 2 14, 4.15, 5 15, 5 45, 6.45, 7.45, and 11 45 p. m. On Sunday, 7.45 and 11.45 a. m., 1.15, 5 15 and 10 15 p m
Phoenixville, via Frazer, Express, 7 40 a. m., 2.14 and 5.40 p. m., every week day

Trains Arrive: From Pittsburg, 3 05 and 7 50 a. m., 5.15 and 7 25 p. m. daily, 4 25 a. m., except Monday. From Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport, 7 50 a. m. Daily, except Monday. From Lock Haven, 3.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday. From Watkins, Elmira and Williamsport, 7.25 p. m., daily, except Sunday.

Sleeping car tickets can be had at Broad and Chestnut Streets, 838 Chestnut Street, and Broad Street Station.

Time cards and full information can be obtained at the stations and at the following

TICKET OFFICES. No. 838 Chestnut St. S. E. cor. Broad and Chestnut, No. 116 Market Street. No. 4 Chelton Ave., Ger'ntown, No. 324 Federal St., Camden.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.,

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, December 31, 1883.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$272,764 45
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	75,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	20,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	80,635 76
Due from approved reserve agents	6,249 29
Due from other National Banks	5,111 49
Due from State Banks and bankers	860 93
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,509 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	911 78
Checks and other cash items	329 57
Bills of other Banks	2,182 00
Fractional currency, nickels, and pennies	43 36
Specie	25 844 00
Legal tender notes	6,465 00
U S certificates of dep't for legal-tenders	10,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	3,149 50
TOTAL	$517,047 65

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$92,220 00
Surplus fund	80,000 00
Undivided profits	8,536 08
National Bank notes outstanding	59,815 00
Dividends unpaid	513 25
Individual deposits subject to check	270,433 42
Due to other National Banks	5,028 70
TOTAL	$517,047 65

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 12th day of January, 1884.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: C. N. TAYLOR, L. A. HOGUET, ANTHONY SWAIN, Directors.

CHAS. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal Sts.,

SECOND WARD,

Sells the Best Quality of

UPPER LEHIGH

COAL.

EGG, STOVE, CHESTNUT AND PEA

OAK WOOD, Dry and Nicely Split for kindling.

☞Extra care in delivery of coal

TRY THE AMBER SOAP.

The best and cheapest for family use. Sold by the principal stores of the town, or by the box at the factory.

FARM FOR SALE

A FINE FARM OF 100 ACRES be longing to the estate of the late S. Dana, deceased, situate in Falls township, within one mile of the Trenton [illegible] and fifteen minutes walk of Morrisville Station, on the Trenton and Bristol turnpike, and every on both sides of the Pennsylvania R. R., and the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal. Good land no better in the county for farming purposes.

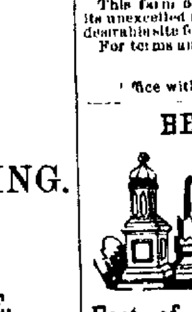
The improvements are a large stone house in good repair, two rooms and large hall on first floor, three rooms on second floor, and large garret and another building attached having a large kitchen on first floor, and an outside shed, three rooms on second floor, garret, porch along the front of the house, a large barn, stable high stone, frame part boarded with plowed and grooved boards, barn in good condition, never-failing water, wood shed, lately put up; stone wagon house, new pig pen, corn crib. All out buildings in good condition.

This farm on account of its central location, and its unexcelled railroad and canal facilities, is a most desirable site for manufacturing purposes of any kind.

For terms and particulars, apply to

MAHLON H. STOUT,
Agent for Heirs of S. Dana,
Office with Walter R. Johnson, Hulmeville, Pa

HENRY MITCHELL,



MARBLE and Brown Stone CUTTER,

Foot of Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES AND STONE CUTTING, in all its branches.

CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c.

J. K. WILDMAN.

No. 26 South Third Street

Philadelphia.

BONDS AND STOCKS

of all kinds bought and sold.

United States Bonds

EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES.

School for Boys.

MR. H. H. POUNDS, A. B.,

A graduate of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., will open a School for Boys on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, in the school building on Radcliffe street near Jefferson avenue.

The school will prepare for college or business.

The school year will be divided into two terms, and the charge for tuition will be $30 per term.

Other information will be given by Messrs. Burnet Landreth, Joshua Peirce, R. H. Morris, Charles Sturdevant, or the Rev. Dr. Knox.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons who have not paid their School Tax, that being unable to serve notices myself, I have employed a man to serve them for me, and all taxes that are not paid within thirty days from the time notice is served, I shall proceed at once to collect by levying on personal property, where there is any on the premises, and where no personal property can be found, take the body of such delinquent to the county jail, there to remain until such tax is paid, or otherwise discharged by due course of law, as the warrant directs.

C. S. BAILEY, Collector.

SHORTHAND BY MAIL.

A speed of FIFTY words a minute guaranteed in twelve practical lessons by mail. Reporting style taught from the beginning. Pamphlet free.

PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL of PHONOGRAPHY,

1338 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LINGLE & McKNIGHT.

FOR SALE. A good work horse, also a six horse engine and boiler. Apply to JOSEPH S. PEIRCE.

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NewspaperARCHIVE®

From the Arkansaw Traveller.

SONGS FOR SPRING.

De spring o' d' your am a sumpin' orlong
An' looks sh[illegible] peep through de cole chilly air,
An' de bird a[illegible] er lookin' erroun' fur his song
As he hops on [illegible] elim' an' de half frozen bo'ar.

De fire feels g[illegible] d, for dar's dee in de creek,
But spring it's [illegible] e comin' erlong few de same,
For I seed a y[illegible] ler hammer wid a straw in his beak,
An' he know [illegible] what he's doin', er he doan I'll be blame.

I'll be mighty [illegible] ed when de warm w'ds blows,
An' de cows st[illegible] de ground erjoyin' de cool,
Fur, fer tell [illegible] Lord's truth, I'se sorter sick'e o' de chize.
An' haster hus[illegible] s mightily fer yer git er little wood.

De hogs am as [illegible] l bourbly when de weather it is cole
An' I'm hollen[illegible] ike de debil when yer climbs in de pen—
Dean want er [illegible] in fer eat 'em, oh, no, bless yer soul,
So I haster com[illegible] rouise on de doodinickor hen.

THE TRIP OVER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Mrs. Sevrance had been married only a couple of years; and after the long previous engagement these two years seemed but a dream in the night, and she was still jealous of every moment of her husband's society. How in the world, then, could he leave her husband to go for a six months' stay in Europe? That was exactly what she asked herself.

"I can't," said Mrs. Sevrance, tying the knot of pink bows and ends round her throat in a new and more bewitching bunch than Victorine had achieved. "And that's the whole of it!" and the brown eyes sparkled triumphantly at the conclusion of the matter.

Still, it was such an excellent opportunity; one that might never occur again; a party of cousins. "And I should make the eighth, just filling two coaches everywhere, and, as Cousin Harry says, only one long picnic," she went on. "I don't see why Charlie can't go too. But I shan't stir a step without him. And that's settled."

Of course, not taking advantage of such a chance, she might have to wait for years, or might possibly never go at all. "For if Charlie can't leave his business now, there's no knowing if he ever can before we are too old to want to go, or else have a thousand cares to tie us down at home," she murmured. "It's terribly provoking. But what must be, must be." And she swept up her train, and swept down to dinner, where cousins Harry and Sarah were to make it a partie carree. "It's very vexatious of them," she thought as she descended, "that they must needs come to day, when I should so like to talk it all out with Charlie alone. But then, if they didn't come, I dare say I should think they were indifferent about my going." And Mrs. Sevrance greeted her cousins without any idea that her last sentence spoke volumes for her.

"Well," said Harry, in his hearty way, with the first spoonful of soup, "I suppose it's all settled about the trip over?"

"All settled," said Mrs. Sevrance, smiling, and flashing a shining glance at her husband.

"That's so nice," said Sarah. "And you have your letter of credit? No? Well, then, make it of several figures, Charlie; for although we take nothing with us, it is certain we shall bring a great deal away. Europe will be the poorer for fans and embroideries, and all sorts of bawbles—for we must have corals from Naples, and beads from Venice, and laces from Belgium, and—"

"There, there, there, Sarah!" laughed Charlie. "Don't go on, or Sophy will reverse her decision, and go, and bankrupt me.'

'Go? Why, what do you mean? Is she not going? She just said she was.'

'No, I didn't say so,' his wife answered for him. 'I only said it was settled.' And there was just an accent of indecision now.

'You see,' said Charlie, 'I have a sensible little wife. She has no idea of going abroad and ruining me with her caprices.'

And then the sensible little wife looked at him with dilating eyes. Sensible? Ruining? Did he hear straight? Was it possible that he really grudged her the cost of the trip over? After all his profession of affection and desire to sacrifice anything in token of his love, could he be depriving her of the immense pleasure of this trip for fear she should buy a little bric-a-brac? 'I really don't know what you mean, Charles,' she cried. 'You are perfectly inexplicable. I never had an idea that it was on account of money that you didn't urge me to go—'

Mr Sevrance looked up with a start, and of course he spilled his soup. 'My dear—' he began

'For if it is on account of money,' she continued, her eyes getting some dangerous lights in them, 'that alters the whole matter. I have money enough of my own any day to—'

'My dear child,' Mr. Sevrance managed to ejaculate, 'how can you be so foolish—'

'Oh, it's all very well, Mr. Sevrance to call me foolish—'

'I didn't call you foolish, Sophia.'

'Didn't he, Sarah? I ask you, Harry? And you said 'Sophia,' too!'

'Sophy' said Mr. Sevrance, gently, 'do you think this is dignified?'

'I don't know how a person can be expected to be dignified when her husband tells her before everybody that if she wants to go to Europe she must spend her own money, or stay at home, or tantamount to that—'

Mr. Sevrance pushed back his plate and laughed. 'You dear little goose,' he cried, 'do you think I said anything of the kind? Do you really think I would let you spend a dollar of your little money?'

'My little money!'

'Harry and Sarah,' said Mr. Sevrance, turning to their cousins, 'I am sure you will excuse this little domestic scene, you see so much a part of us—'

Mrs. Sevrance had endured a good deal, she said to herself, without flinching, only sparks shot from the eyes between those long curling lashes; but this was the last straw, and it was tears that shot from the eyes now. 'I should think it was I should be asked to excuse,' she cried. 'Rebuked for extravagance, and addressed in this manner, as if I had come to you a pauper, before the servants, before everybody—'

'Rebuked for extravagance?' repeated the husband, so puzzled as to forget the danger of taking up his wife's words.

'You said I would ruin you.' And here, either with the misery of the picture or the misery of the recollection of the accusation, came a sob, and then another, and Mrs. Sevrance pushed back her chair and made for the door, upsetting the lovely India screen in her blind progress. And of course her husband pushed back his chair and sprang after her, while Harry and Sarah looked at each other and laughed. 'Poor little thing,' she's so nervous! She has pro'd and con'd over the trip so much she's all in confusion. She wants to go, and she wants to stay, and she wants him to want her to go, and she wants him to want her to stay." And while Sarah was involving herself in the problem, Harry finished his soup, and Mr. Sevrance came back in triumph, leading his wife, blushing and smiling, with her eyes full of tears, and who took her seat, saying; 'You both know I am such a simpleton that it doesn't signify; so I won't apologize. Only I'm sure I shall never feel quite certain now that Charlie doesn't grudge me the pleasure, because when a suspicion has once crept in, it will keep putting its head up: and if I believed he did, I would certainly go, for I never thought of his wanting me to stay at home for anything but because he couldn't bear to part with me, and I see he can bear to part with me perfectly well.'

'I really think,' Charles said, gayly, 'that you must have been sitting up nights, with this potion of yours, it has so unnerved you. Of course I want you to take the trip over, if you would like it.'

'If I would like it, Charles! As if there was anybody who wouldn't like to go to Europe! Especially with the holidays over, and Lent coming on, and the carnival in Rome—'

'Well, then, I'm sure I don't see why you don't go. For my part, I had rather you would go than not.' Rash speech—for the tongue is a fire.

'That's just it! That's just what I say!' she cried, setting down the glass untasted, and turning on him with her cheeks burning like two great roses. 'You don't see why I don't go, and of course you want me to go if I would like to, and you'd rather I'd go than not! A pretty way to talk to a wife! Those are your own words. You needn't contradict them. You can bear to part with me perfectly well, you see. You have other ways, no doubt, to pass your time than in my society. You had rather I'd go than not! Oh, I never thought—I never thought—and before two years—' And it was neither tears nor smiles nor blushes now, but Mrs. Sevrance was taken out of the room in a kicking hysteric.

'Great heavens, Sarah!' said Harry. 'Do they go on this way every day at dinner?' The butler began to grin. 'Poor Charlie Sevrance!' said Harry, helping himself to the lobster pate, which was too delicately crisp and brown to be kept waiting. 'Job's wife was nothing to her! What have I done to escape his lot? But she does give a nice dinner. Let me look at you, you commanding woman,' he began again, after a little. 'To think that you never had a hysteric in your life! Have you failed in your destiny? or have I achieved a greater fate than belongs to husbands in general?'

And here a feeble wail piped through the crack of the folding-doors into the room beyond. 'Oh, how can you be laughing in that way when I am so wretched?'

'I wish Europe was in the bottom of the sea!' cried Mr. Sevrance, opening the crack, and coming back to finish his repast. 'When you are through, Sarah, if you will try to talk a little sense into Sophy—I can't.'

'Oh! oh! oh!' cried Mrs. Sevrance, at the door herself, her pretty bright locks all drenched in Cologne water and curling in rings round her face, that was now as white as it had been rosy. 'The idea of your talking that way about me behind my back! I know I haven't a great deal of sense, and I suppose that's the reason you want to be rid of me. Oh! I'm going—I'm certainly going now. You will have your vacation, and go to your club every night, and be just as gay as the gayest bachelor about town; only if the Servia, or the Cephalonia, or the Babylonia, or whatever it is, goes down, I want you to remember that you drove me to my death.'

'Sophia?' cried her husband, in a voice full of the potentialities of being able to endure no more; 'come to your place and finish your dinner, and don't let us have another word of this.'

And to everybody's amazement and amusement she obeyed him, and made a very good dinner after all, saying little, but listening eagerly to Sarah's account of the dresses that Helena and Madeleine were going to take.

'I knew master'd fetch her if he'd just put his foot down,' said the butler, in his pantry. 'Europe, indeed! If she was my wife, I'd pack her off, and pay to scuttle the ship.'

'What's the use of talking so, Mr. Welsh?' asked the high-toned maid, who busied herself beside him. 'You know you are just as bad as master is about her, and every bit as indulgent. I am sure it is myself would never have taken service with her but for the hearing her well recommended.'

'You just wipe your silver, Maria. For talk too much with your mouth,' said the butler, closing the door behind him.

'But you don't mean to say, Sarah, that Helena and Madeleine are going to carry all those things?' Mrs. Sevrance was saying.

'Yes, I do. They maintain they can't have a dress fitted in Paris as Chenery fits here. And they have their trunks packed this week and over.'

'The idea! Why, I should not think of taking anything but a satchel myself for such a little trip over as this. One black silk dress on, and my wraps in a strap, are all that I should need beyond the hand bag, if I were going to start in the Roumania to morrow.'

Mr. Sevrance looked up with a quick glance at Harry, who in a moment returned it as intelligently.

'Difficult,' said Harry.

'Any premium necessary,' said Mr. Sevrance.

'But no time,' argued the other, raising his brows.

'Use the telegraph,' said Mr. Sevrance. And shortly afterward Harry remembered a matter of business he had omitted to finish, and begged Sophy to excuse him, and Sarah to wait for him.

When he returned, an hour or two afterward, Sophia was actively engaged with Sarah in examining a map of the proposed route of the party, and had already projected the purchases to be made in various cities. 'There is one thing I am determined to have,' Sophy was saying, 'and that is some Norwegian filigrane silver. It is so exactly like the frost of snowy latitudes—one of the things that are the expression of the country they come from. And now we must arrange it so as to bring Konigsberg—'

'Well, said Harry, 'we shall have plenty of time for all that when we are abroad. And now you had better have a good night's sleep, for the Roumania sails at 11 to-morrow, and I bought out the Stephensons. I've left word with all the others, and we will meet on the pier. Au revoir. Come, Sarah.'

'Does this mean,' cried Sophy, suddenly turning to Charles as the door closed upon the others, 'that you have sent and engaged my passage over my head, and arranged for me to go, whether I will or no? You treat me exactly as if I were a child. I will never, never, never forget it.'

'I don't wan't you to forget it,' said Charles, with a fatal facetiousness.

'And you can jest when you are going to part from me in twelve hours! You can make merry about putting that interminable reach of black water between us! You can laugh, with me on the brink of that black gulf of death that a January sea is! Oh, what a relief you must feel at my going! Perhaps you don't want me to come back.'

And then Mr. Sevrance, with his grave and tenderly reproachful face above her, had clasped her in his arms, and she was pouring her tears into his breast. And she awoke, the night long, every half hour, to clasp him, and kiss him, and cry over him, and then to turn away, and cry over herself as a wretched wife whose husband wanted her out of the way, and was sending her a costly journey, with a probably unlimited letter of credit, ready to pay any price for six months' freedom.

It was a gray, wet day when she rose—rain and snow and slush.

'The idea,' she said, 'of crossing the sea in January! Who ever heard of such a thing?'

'It is not the pleasantest month in the year,' said her husband.

'Then why, in mercy's name, did you choose it for me?' she exclaimed.

'I choose it?—I?'

'Really, the next you will be saying you never said you wanted six months' rest from my caprices.'

'I never did.'

'What did you say, then?'

'Now, Sophy, listen,' said her husband, seriously. 'Let us have no more nonsense. I love you. I hate to lose your companionship for even six months. But I want you to enjoy yourself. And whether I do or not, the thing is done. You are going to sail this morning with cousins Harry and Sarah, and Helena and Madeleine, and the Mongolfiers and Van Stubbs. You know that you want to go: every arrangement is made, and there is not another word to say about it, for I won't be mortified before the world as I was before Harry and Sarah yesterday.'

'It is just as you please,' she said, with immense dignity; and she sailed past him, and proceeded to oversee Victorine's packing of the little berth trunk and satchel, with much calmness, breakfasted like one in a dream, and summoned the housekeeper for directions during her absence. And then she came down stairs wrapped from head to foot in her furs, and carrying an air cushion, which, as she had remarked to Victorine, might float in the absence of a life preserver.

'I will drive to the pier with you, and see you safely on the boat,' said her husband.

'Yes,' she replied, in the same dreary way, yet as if she stated a mathematical fact; 'a parting is not likely to be so effusive that it cannot be public when a man sends his wife away from him.'

'Sophy,' said Mr. Sevrance then, as they stood on the upper step, 'if I really took it all back, and even at this late moment insisted that I could not let you go—'

'I should refuse to be bandied about like a doll; I should go,' she said, distinctly. And so they went.

The party was in such high spirits when she joined them on the great steamer that their state of feeling was contagious, and Sophy stopped, amazed to find herself laughing—and she, so wretched!—at the list of Helena's luggage, as if she had committed sacrilege. And then there had been one long despairing clinging to Charlie, and she had flung herself down anywhere as he disappeared, perfectly reckless as to people, and careless whether the ship went to the bottom or not.

'I am going to my state room,' she said, by and by, feeling the throb of the engines as they plowed along through the water. 'I will lie down and get used to the motion. You needn't come. I know where it is; I left my satchel and air cushions there.'

'Yes. But you don't want to shut yourself up there so soon,' said Sarah. 'Come, here are the flowers that have been sent to the prima donna: let us look at them. And then we will go on deck, and see how the sea looks in winter weather. Can't we, Harry? Is it too wet? There, now'—as they established themselves—'this is great sport. Aren't you glad you came, Sophy?'

'Oh, no! no! no! no!' she cried. 'I should be, if Charlie was along. It would be lovely. I should enjoy it so much if he had only come. We should have had such pleasure in a jaunting car in Killarney, and riding through the Trossachs together, before we came home, the way we always meant to do, and crossing the Mer de Glace, and being in Rome in March. Oh, how could I ever be so selfish as to come without him, and make such a frightful fuss about it too, and put all the responsibility on him, and leave him all alone to that club he hates, and the empty desolate house. Oh, I'm a monster—a perfect monster! I'd give half of my life if I had never come at all. It's dreadful for a young wife to leave her husband—and such a husband.'

And just then a gentleman passing asked Harry if he thought there was time to scratch off a note and send it back by the pilot-boat.

'The pilot-boat!' cried Sophy, turning with her beautiful face in its customary bath of tears. 'Do you mean—I! there is a pilot-boat? Does the pilot leave us, and go back in that boat? And can I get aboard it? Oh, I mean, I know I can! I won't be a bit of trouble, and that will be all right. I'll go back, and surprise and delight my dear unselfish, self-sacrificing patient husband, and never, never leave him till—' And she paused, with a glow upon her cheeks, and a mistiness in her eyes, and smiles about her lips. 'I really am too noisy,' she said.

'Poor Charlie!' sighed Harry, mockingly.

'Now, I certainly will,' retorted Sophy, a swift, indignant flash replacing the softness, before she laughed.

'Well, Sophy, if you will, you will. But you are my own cousin, and I am going to give you a bit of advice first. If you want to make love brittle, treat it as you would an iron rod, and plunge it first into hot coals and then into iced water, and keep it up. That is, continue to indulge Charlie in such alternations as he had from you yesterday. Although I am bound to say that Charlie seems to like it.'

'I don't care what you say,' she answered, standing before him quite radiant. 'I deserve it all—I deserve it. But now that I've really made up my mind to go back to Charlie, my heart is as light as a feather—'

'Why, there goes the pilot-boat, now,' said Sarah, demurely. 'Dear me, how quietly they do things on these great steamers! I had no idea she would leave us for some time.'

'Has she gone? Oh, has she gone?' cried Sophy, wildly, looking in all directions for the thing fast becoming a dancing speck. And the next instant she had swept away and made for her state room with a plunge, bursting in and flinging the door to behind her.

Somebody started up from the sofa. 'Well, my darling,' said her laughing husband.

'Oh, Charlie!' she cried, throwing herself into his arms. 'I knew you meant to come all the time! I never, never should have stirred to come one step, if I had not felt sure you meant to come too!' —*Harper's Bazar.*

Oliver Wendell Homes introduced Matthew Arnold at Horticultural Hall in Boston with a story of Thomas Dana. Walking one day in the streets of London with another gentleman, Dana and his friend were upset by a ruffian, and the friend stripped off his coat, handed it to Mr. Dana, and gave the fellow a thorough whipping. Sympathy was with the unoffending victor. Hurrahs were given for him, and then the enthusiasm broke with, "Hurrah for the little man, that held his jacket!" "Now," said Dr. Holmes, "the little man that was to hold the jacket this evening was the Rev. Phillips Brooks. But he is unfortunately detained by indisposition. He is unable to be here, and I have been called upon to fill his place." Of course the audience immediately set the little doctor of medicine mentally besides the herculean doctor of divinity, and everybody laughed, none more heartily than Dr. Holmes.

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," said the sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

A HUNTER'S STORY.

How He was Overcome and the Way by which He was Finally Saved.

(*Correspondence Spirit of the Times.*)

An unusual adventure, which recently occurred to your correspondent while hunting at Brookmere in this State is so timely and contains so much that can be made valuable to all readers, that I venture to reproduce it entire.

The day was a most inclement one and the snow quite deep. Rabbit tracks were plentiful, but they principally led in the direction of a large swamp, in which the rabbits could run without difficulty, but where the hunter constantly broke through the thin ice, sinking into the half-frozen mire to his knees. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer had persevered, although a very small bag of game was the result. While tramping about through a particularly malarial portion of the swamp, a middle aged man came suddenly into view, carrying a muzzle loading shotgun and completely loaded down with game of the finest description. Natural curiosity, aside from the involuntary envy that instinctively arose prompted the writer to enter into conversation with the man, with the following result:

"You've had fine success, where did you get all that game?"

"Right here in the swamp."

"It's pretty rough hunting in these parts, especially when a man goes up to his waist every other step."

"Yes, it's not very pleasant, but I am used to it and don't mind it."

"How long have you hunted hereabouts?"

"Why, bless you, I have lived here most of my life, and hunted up to ten years ago every year."

"How does it happen you omitted the last ten years?"

"Because I was scarcely able to move, much less hunt."

"I don't understand you?"

"Well, you see, about ten years ago, after I had been tramping around all day in this same swamp, I felt quite a pain in my ankle. I didn't mind it very much, but it kept troubling me for a day or two, and I could see it kept increasing. The next thing I know, I felt the same kind of a pain in my shoulder and I found it pained me to move my arm. This thing kept going up and increasing, and though I tried to shake off the feeling and make myself think it was only a little temporary trouble, I found that it did not go. Shortly after this my joints began to ache at the knees and I finally became so bad that I had to remain in the house most of the time.

"And did you trace all this to the fact that you had hunted so much in this swamp?"

"No, I didn't know what to lay it to, but I knew that I was in misery. My joints swelled until it seemed as though all the flesh I had left was bunched at the joints; my fingers crooked in every way and some of them became double-jointed. In fact, every joint in my body seemed to vie with the others to see which could become the largest and cause me the greatest suffering. In this way several years passed on, during which time I was pretty nearly helpless. I became so nervous and sensitive that I would sit bolstered up in the chair and call to people that entered the room not to come near me or even touch my chair. While all this was going on, I felt an awful burning heat and fever, with occasional chills running all over my body, but especially along my back and through my shoulders. Then again my blood seemed to be boiling and my brain to be on fire."

"Did you ever try to prevent this agony?"

"Try. I should think I did try. I tried every doctor that came within my reach and all the proprietary medicines I could hear of. I used washes and liniments enough to last me for all time, but the only relief I received was by injections of morphine."

"Well, you talk in a very strange manner for a man, who has tramped around on a day like this and in a swamp like this. How in the world do you dare to do it?"

"Because I am completely well and as sound as a dollar. It may seem strange, but it is true that I was entirely cured; the rheumatism all driven out of my blood; my joints reduced to their natural size and my strength made as great as ever before, by means of that great and simple remedy, Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure, which I believe saved my life."

"And so you now have no fear of rheumatism?"

"Why, no. Even if it should come on, I can easily get rid of it by using the same remedy."

The writer turned to leave, as it was growing dark, but before I had reached the city precisely the same symptoms I had heard described came upon me with great violence. Impressed with the hunter's story, I tried the same remedy, and within twenty-four hours all pain and inflamation had disappeared. If any reader is suffering from any manner of rheumatic or neuralgic troubles and desires relief let him by all means try this same great remedy. And if any readers doubt the truth of the above statements let them write to A. A. Coats, Brookmere, N. Y., who was the man with whom the writer conversed and convince themselves of its truth or falsity. J. R. C.

SHERIDAN AND RICHARDSON.—Sheridan once took advantage of the singular appetite of Richardson for argument to evade payment of a heavy coach fare. Sheridan had occupied a hackney chariot for several hours, and had not a penny in his pocket to pay the coachman. While in this dilemma Richardson passed, and he immediately proposed to take the disputant up, as they appeared to be going in the same direction. The offer was accepted and Sheridan adroitly started a subject on which his companion was usually very vehement and obstinate. The argument was maintained with great warmth on both sides, until at length Sheridan affected to lose his temper, and pulling the check-string commanded the coachman to let him out instantly, protesting that he would not ride another yard with a man who held such opinions, and supported them in such a manner. So saying, he descended and walked off, leaving Richardson to enjoy his fancied triumph, and to pay the whole fare. Richardson, it is said, in a paroxysm of delight at Sheridan's apparent defeat, put his head out of the window and vociferated his arguments until he was out of sight.—*Lady's Journal.*

Henry Ward Beecher sends a letter to the Boston *Globe*, saying; "Have I a double, or can I be in two places at once? I thought I spent Tuesday night, February 5, in Boston and at the Parker House, but by a dispatch from New York, published in some of the morning papers, I see I am said to have been at Niblo's, in New York, listening to Mrs. Langtry. I am much perplexed to know which of these two persons was me."

THE POSITION OF DENTISTS.

Here is a question whose answer involves a discussion of a social matter which must be handled with delicacy, and yet with frankness:

"Will you kindly tell me who has read your paper for twenty years the exact social position of a dentist in society? Does he rank as the equal of a physician?"

"New York, Feb. 4. "FOREPAUGH."

We rebuke our correspondent for talking about "social position" in this republic. The phrase implies ranks and classes known only in an aristocratic society, and its use here is unjustifiable, snobbish, and affected.

He means, however, to ask whether a dentist is held in as high regard as a physician; whether his profession is generally looked upon as favorably; and whether a dentist enjoys the consideration which is given to a physician as a member of a learned and dignified profession.

The frank answer is that the dentist does not stand so high in public estimation, at least at present. Whatever the cause, that is the fact, as every dentist knows. There is an unreasonable and yet a prevalent repugnance against the profession, of which its members, especially those who are sensitive, are well aware.

It was probably due in the first place to the circumstance that the dentists, as a class, were not men of a liberal professional education. Of old, physicians did the tooth pulling; and when the business was undertaken by a separate class of men, they usually brought to it mechanical skill rather than scientific knowledge. Even as dentistry became a more complicated art, and its field was extended, it did not soon develop into a regular profession for which men received a preparatory training, like that of physicians. They picked up the art, and learned what they learned by experience at the dentist's chair.

Accordingly they were not regarded as belonging to a learned profession, and did not receive the corresponding consideration. That was so, though many of them were skillful and enthusiastic in their devotion to their calling, and brought to it great intelligence, and gave it much scientific study. Such men laid the foundations of what has now become the profession of dentistry, and is unquestionably entitled to be so called.

The modern dentist is the graduate of a college of dentistry, and pursues a specialty which is a part of the great profession of medicine and surgery, as those specialities are which deal with the eye or ear. Nor is it less important, and its development and perfection have essentially benefitted mankind. Many dentists are men of extraordinary knowledge, extending over a large field of anatomical inquiry, and their contributions to science and the art of medicine are held in the highest esteem by those most competent to estimate the value of their acquirements.

Hence the remaining prejudice against dentists, because of their occupation is altogether unjust; is, in fact, nonsensical. If they are really scientific men, they should be counted as such. They are members of a learned and most difficult and most important profession, and should receive corresponding consideration. A dentist of great ability and profound knowledge of his speciality and skill in it, deserves distinction as a great surgeon or great physician deserves it.

In time he will get that consideration and distinction. Already it has come to him in large share, but not as fully as he deserves.—*N. Y. Sun.*

There are 140,000 miners in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

Camphor trees are being introduced with success in Florida.

A dude has appeared in San Francisco bedecked with tracelets.

Dr. Hamilton, the noted New York physician, is building a villa at Newport.

Selma, Ala., has sixty artesian wells, and the water from no two are alike.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.

It is understood that the girls have adopted the following as their motto for leap year: "If you see what you want, ask for it."

A little six-year-old orphan, upon being asked to name the greatest festival in the church, replied: "The strawberry festival."

The small boy who hangs around the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.

Commander Pearson and his bride, formerly Miss Ayer, the daughter of the patent-medicine millionaire, will sail for Europe to-morrow.

A yoke of oxen are anchored at the bottom of Lake Michigan. Being fastened to an anchor on a ferryboat, they backed overboard, and dragged it along.

Mr. Abbey offers Sarah Bernhardt $1,200 for each performance in America next season, she to furnish her own company, and he to pay all other expenses.

There is talk of building a railroad between Florzle and the fortress of Novogloroleosk. Just think what an American brakeman would do with that name.

Physicians, especially those of Pennsylvania, are interested in a movement to have next year's session of the World's Medical Congress held in this country, in Philadelphia if possible. The congress will meet in Copenhagen this year and the American delegates, who will be selected at the May meeting of the American Medical Association in Washington, will doubtless be instructed to urge the claims of this country to the congress of 1885.

MISS FLOOD JILTS A FORTUNE-HUNTING LORD.—Miss Jennie Flood, the California heiress, who is reported by a London paper to be engaged to a British peer, is in this city, and emphatically denies the report. It is understood, too, that Miss Flood denies that she was jilted by young Grant, but claims the match was broken off by mutual consent. Miss Flood is an accomplished and amiable lady, highly esteemed by all who know her. She possesses in her own right $2,500,000 in Government bonds, presented to her on a recent birthday.

The English noble referred to by the London paper is believed to be Lord Beaumont, who was in San Francisco not long since. It is understood that the young noble made overtures for the hand of the wealthy young heiress, but demanded a dower of $5,000,000, which old man Flood indignantly refused.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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G. D. Rosengarten, of Philadelphia, has leased Admiral Case's cottage at Newport.

Lester Wallack continues to live in Florida. His touch of the gout proves to be paralysis.

The consumption of tobacco in the United States is said to be about ten times what is in Great Britain.

☞ My daughter was troubled with Heart Disease for 5 years, given up by physicians, had sinking spells, constant pain, great swelling over heart extending to left arm, and severe spells of neuralgia extending over entire body, doctors could not help her. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cured her within 3 mos.—Jas. Tilton, Concord, N. H. $1 per bottle at druggists.

The potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced to Virginia by Sir John Harvard in 1620, though it was unknown in some counties of England 150 years later. If Pennsylvania potatoes are mentioned very soon after the advent of the Quakers; they were not among New York products in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of 11,000 bushels grown on one sixteen-acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland in 1718.

☞ Expressions of gratitude on the part of the public are always impressive and solemn. It is pleasant to know that the people are justly praising the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, a safe remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup and sore-throat.

Abraham Lincoln's tomb, at Springfield, Ill., has been damaged to an extent of $4,000 by the collapse of two supporting arches. The northeast corner of the monument fell several inches a few nights ago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KEY TO NOTICE HEADED DEATH TO H. P.

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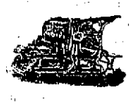

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